McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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EARL SANDT, THE AVIATOR TAKES FALL.

Was Witnessed by Editor Backus of This Paper.

SANDT IN SERIOUS CONDITION.

Engines Stopped When Making Flight At Conneaut Lake—Fell About 200 Feet—Is In Hotel at Conneaut in Bad Shape.

Exposition Park, Pa., July 16—(Special to The Miner).—Earl Sandt, the youthful birdman of Brookville, Pa., was terribly injured here Sunday afternoon shortly after he started on his second flight at this place in his Curtis biplane when the machine turned on its right side and plunged violently to the ground, turning a complete somersault when it struck.

Sandt is now at the Conneaut Hotel in a very serious condition and his recovery depends on the seriousness of his internal injuries. Besides being injured internally he sustained extensive shocks and bruises all over his body, he has three broken ribs, his right ankle is fractured and he has severe contusions of the chest.

Shortly after five o'clock he started from the fair grounds on his second flight starting from the eastern end of the track and facing a brisk wind from the west. It was noticed by the many spectators within the grounds, among whom was the writer, that he did not ascend as rapidly as is usual, he being only about fifty feet in the air when he passed over the fence and less than 200 feet up half a mile to the west, where he passed over a little hill. At this point it was noticed that his engines, which are eight-cylinder, 75 horse-power, were missing, and an instant later they stopped and his biplane dipped suddenly to the right and passed out of sight behind the trees on the hill, and from those who had located them selves on higher ground came the sad news that he had dashed to the ground.

Thousands of people in the fair grounds and in the park rushed toward where he fell, automobiles and every other imaginable conveyance being pressed into service.

R. C. Cummings, Sandt's manager, was one of the first men to his rescue and assisted in pulling the plucky little aviator out from under the wrecked biplane and with others carried him to the road where he was placed in a waiting automobile and hurried back through the crowd to the Conneaut hotel, where he is receiving every care possible. When Sandt realized that his biplane was falling he unbuckled the strap around his shoulders and was thus enabled to throw himself partly free from the machine as he came onto the ground. Otherwise he probably would have been instantly killed.

The writer reached the wrecked biplane shortly after Sandt was pulled out and found everything but the engines which seemed to be intact was simply a mass of wreckage. The biplane after dipping to the right had pitched forward, drove its nose in the ground and turned a summersault. Everybody who came up to the wrecked biplane apparently tried to get a piece of it for a souvenir and the one policeman was more than kept busy trying to save the pieces. Sandt fell in a large oat field which the crowd trampled down until it looked as though several cyclones had passed through it.

Sandt had made a flight at 2 o'clock that afternoon and a more successful flight could not have been given. He rose to a height of over 2100 feet, circled about the park and lake making beautiful glides and spirals and alighting again in the fair grounds.

A few minutes before he made his second flight the writer was standing near the machine and overheard some conversation between one of his assistants and a friend to the effect that the machine was not working just right when he came down from the first flight and said something about his having difficulty in alighting as he should. We could not fully understand the conversation, but after the accident we were impressed that something unseen might have been wrong with the mechanism that caused the accident. Anyway, it did not work right from the second start and Sandt was lucky that he did not get any higher before the engines stopped. H. L. B.

RATES TO BE REDUCED.

Express Companies Will Have to Reduce Rates.

Washington, July 14.—Sweeping reductions in express rates averaging, in general, approximately 15 per cent., drastic reforms in regulations and practices, and comprehensive changes in the methods of operation, are prescribed in a report made public to day by the Interstate Commerce Commission of its investigation into the business of the 13 great express companies of the United States.

Dealing with the identity of interest between the various companies the report finds that while these companies are separate legal entities it is of interest to regard as a fact that by stock ownership and otherwise they are so interlaced - intertwined and interlocked that it is with difficulty we can trace any one of the greater companies as either wholly independent in its management or the agency of a single railroad system. So that while these companies operate separately and compete with each other for traffic, the express business may said to be almost a family affair. An interesting genealogical tree, in fact, might be drawn showing a common ancestry in all of the larger companies. And while many names may be used to designate other companies, it is within the fact to say that aside from the operations of the minor and distinctively railroad express companies the express business of the United States is managed by not more than three groups of interests."

The inquiry was the most extensive, and, in wealth of infinite detail, probably the most thorough ever prosecuted by the commission. It was conducted and the report prepared by Commissioner Franklin K. Lane. Commissioner Lane is of opinion that the conclusions reached constitute a long step towards the solution of that gravest problem of the American household, the high cost of living.

The greatest reduction of rates proposed is on packages weighing less than 12 pounds. Those over 12 pounds were found to be more reasonable. Briefly stated the new rates may be said to be based upon a minimum charge of 25 cents for a one-pound package. This charge increases in ratio to the increase weight and distance, at rates varying from three-tenths of a cent a pound to about 12 cents a pound. Twelve cents a pound according to the conclusions of the commission, is approximately the highest rate per pound for the greatest distance possible for a parcel to be carried wholly within the United States exclusive of Alaska.

The commission has fixed October 9 as the date for the beginning of a hearing of the representatives of express companies and shippers as to why the rates prescribed by the commission should not go into effect.

FIRE DEPARTMENT MEETING.

Last Thursday Much Business Was Transacted.

Last Thursday evening the regular monthly meeting of the Smethport Fire Department was held in the hose parlors. Much important business was transacted.

The various committees of the 4th of July celebration, handed in their reports and it was found that after all expenses incident to the celebration were paid, the department realized about $325.

S. W. Hubbard was elected trustee to fill the unexpired term of the late Henry Biever.

Guy H. McCoy was elected temporary treasurer, pending the recovery of M. L. Armstrong, who has been treasurer of the department since its organization.

It was decided that the department would attend the annual meeting of the McKean County Volunteer Firemen's association at Port Allegany, which will be held on August 15 and 16. Guy H. McCoy was elected delegate, and B. F. Starsky, alternate, to attend the business meeting which will be held on the 15th. Chief E. A. Hamilton, M. S. Geary and Ed. Engstrom were appointed as a committee to make arrangements for the department.

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ANOTHER BAD WRECK.

Occurred Near Chicago on Sunday—17 People Killed and Upwards of 40 Injured.

Fifteen persons met almost instant death, two died while being rushed to hospitals, and 40 persons were injured when the Omaha mail train on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, going at a speed close to 60 miles an hour, crashed into the rear end of the Overland Limited passenger train No. 2 at Western Springs, Ill., early Sunday morning.

The passenger train No. 2, from Denver, due in Chicago at 7 a. m., stopped at Western Springs because of a "hot box" on one of the rear Pullman coaches.

At Western Springs, which is about 18 miles west of Chicago, train No. 2 and the mail train, No. 8, run about nine minutes apart. Because of the heavy fog it is believed by some that the engineer of train No. 8 failed to see the signal at Hinsdale, a mile and a half west of the point where the collision occurred.

Without warning to passengers, save the popping of three torpedoes placed several hundred feet in the rear of the passenger train by the flagman, the heavy mail train crashed into the rear of the passenger.

Frantic efforts to avoid the fatality were made by the station operators at Hinsdale and Western Springs. When the mail train flashed by Hinsdale without stopping the operator at that point made frantic efforts to reach the Western Springs operator. "Mail train coming at full speed," was the warning received by Mrs. F. A. Wilcox at Western Springs. Mrs. Wilcox rushed from her "key" when she heard the first three words of the message to warn Conductor Frank Hughes of the passenger train.

Conductor Hughes immediately signalled "all speed ahead," but the wheels of the engine had hardly been started when the mail train crashed into the rear coach.

The passenger train had eight coaches. Six of these were Pullman cars. The mail train, which also carried express, had eight heavy coaches.

Pending an official investigation, P. S. Eustis, passenger traffic manager of the railroad, in a statement issued Sunday night placed the blame for the accident on the engineer of the mail train which ran past the signal set for stop at Western Springs clearing the west block at Hinsdale.

NEW GAS COMPANY.

Have Drilled Two Wells and Started Third on Annin Creek.

A new oil and gas company has just been incorporated and is known as the Engstrom Oil & Gas Company. The company is incorporated at $12,000, and the incorporators are J. Clayton Backus, Mrs. Mary Backus, Victor Engstrom, Otto Engstrom and P. A. Dolke.

This company has quite a large tract of land leased on Annin Creek, about a mile and a half from Turtle Point, and the first well was drilled in 2 months ago and is producing about 75,000 feet of gas per day. On Monday their No. 2 well was drilled in and this well will probably be good for 100,000 feet of gas per day. The drillers immediately moved their apparatus onto the third location and are now drilling well No. 3.

As yet the company has not decided as to where they will market their product.

A FREE SCHOLARSHIP.

Any young man or woman who is a bona fide patron of this paper may secure free instruction in music or elocution.

The Ithaca Conservatory of Music, with the desire to stimulate the study of these arts, offer two scholarships to applicants from the State of Pennsylvania, valued at $100 each and good for the term of twenty weeks beginning with the opening of the school year, September 12, 1912, in any of the following departments: Voice, violin, piano, organ and elocution.

These scholarships are awarded upon competition which is open to anyone desiring a musical or literary education.

Anyone wishing to enter the competition or desiring information should write to Mr. Geo. C. Williams, General Manager of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music, Ithaca, N. Y., before September 1, 1912.

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BASS ARE RETURNING TO STREAMS.

Several Fine Ones Have Been Caught Lately.

SCARCITY DUE TO REFUSE

From Chemical Factories Being Emptied Into Streams—This Now Being Led Into Sink Holes—Refuse Is Very Poisonous.

For many years past the fishing in the main streams of this section of the state has been very poor. There appeared to be nothing in the waters except suckers, mullet, bull heads, and the like, the trout and bass that formerly occupied the streams apparently having deserted these parts, except in the brooks where trout is still found in quite large quantities.

The principal cause of this scarcity of these game fish was due to the refuse from chemical factories being turned into the streams at various points along the creeks where these factories are located. This refuse kills the fish or drives them from their native waters. And although there are laws against the pollution of streams it was not enforced until recently, and the chemical factory owners have been allowed to pollute the streams for years, and as a result the game fish have been driven to other places or killed by this refuse.

The refuse which was turned into the waters, and which killed the fish, was the sludge left from the manufacture of acetate of lime, which contains aldehydes and phenol-like bodies, and the residue from the wood-alcohol stills, which contains large quantities of the same poisonous bodies.

But the state government has compelled the operators of chemical factories to dispose of it in a different manner. Now the chemical factories dig large sink holes, about 25 by 50 feet and 5 feet in depth, into which they turn this refuse. This filters gradually to the streams, and if any of these poisonous do reach the water they are so diluted that they do no damage.

The factory at East Smethport and the one at Crosby have always used these sink holes; but for several years the ones at Marvindale and Coryville emptied this refuse in the creeks and the fish have been driven out. The Marvindale and Coryville factories have, within the past year, dug sink holes, and now the bass and trout are coming back to these main streams.

Several black bass nearly a foot long have been caught within the past few weeks just below East Smethport and a few nice ones have been seen just below the dam at Herzog's mill this borough. This is a good sign and in a reasonably short period our streams ought to be well stocked with these fine game fish.

GIRLS WANT REWARD.

Girls Responsible for Apprehension of St. Marys' Ink Thrower, Want the Reward

Over at St. Marys for a long time the dresses of women were ruined by some unknown person throwing ink, acid and other destroying fluids on the garments, while being worn on the streets. The females of the place were almost afraid to wear a decent dress on the streets and finally a reward of $100 was offered by the town authorities for evidence that would lead to the detection of the miscreant responsible for the malicious mischief. One night last summer a couple of girls were on the street, when one of them felt something strike her dress. She suspected that her gown had been ruined as had many others been, and looking down saw that her dress was covered with ink. The ladies saw the man who did the trick and he was arrested. He turned out to be a foreigner who seemed a monomaniac. He confessed his guilt of having ruined the garments of many women. Nothing was said of the reward until recently it was discovered when the town auditor's report was published that the officer who made the arrest had been paid the $100. The girls who caused the foreigner's apprehension now want the money, and will probably get it.—Warren Mirror.

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FOOT INJURED AGAIN.

William Stilson Has Accident Which Breaks Open Old Wound.

Last Saturday night at 10 o'clock William Stilson and Chet Crawford secured a rig from E. T. Daly's livery stable, and started for Open Brook where a dance was in progress. It was a very dark night and when on the top of Bush Hill at the point where the road branches to Open Brook, the horse continued on toward Port Allegany. The young men discovered the mistake and started to turn the horse into the Open Brook road. In so doing the rear wheels of the buggy went off the embankment at that place and this so startled the horse that it gave a frightened plunge and broke away from the rig. The young men jumped from the buggy as the horse broke away and Mr. Stilson had the misfortune to tear open an old wound received a year ago.

On September 11, 1911, Mr. Stilson was assisting in running a traction engine, and when near the Stickles farm on the Farmers Valley road, he slipped in some manner and his left foot was caught in the cog wheels which propelled the big heavy machine. He was quickly brought to Smethport and Drs. Hamilton and Clark amputated the large toe and took out some crushed bones in his heel. Since then the wound has been slowly healing, and Mr. Stilson had entirely regained the use of his foot.

When he jumped from the rig Saturday night he landed on the same weak foot and the result that the foot was again split open. Luckily, Jerome Van Sickles was close behind the young men and he immediately turned his rig and the young men were brought to Smethport and Mr. Stilson was taken to the office of Dr. Robert Hamilton, who dressed the wound again. At present Mr. Stilson is getting along as well as could be expected.

The buggy had the shafts broken, the dashboard badly bent and the top was slightly twisted. The horse was located at Turtle Point, and next day was brought to Smethport. The animal was uninjured, but the harness was riddled.

INTERESTING CASE AT COURT.

Associated Producers' Co Suing B. R. & P. Ry. for Damages

On May 17 1910 near Bingham, Pa., this county, the Associated Producers' company lost 42 oil well rigs and between 150 and 160 barrels of oil in a fire, which the company claims was set by a B. R. & P. railroad train.

The Producers' company is now suing the B. R. & P. railroad company for damages in the sum of $75,000. A trial by jury was waived, and Tuesday morning the hearings started before President Judge Joseph W. Bouton, at the court house, in this borough. Lewis, Jones & Lewis and D. H. Jack are presenting the case for the plaintiff company, while John G. Whitmore, A. L. Cole, John E. Mullin and Gaither & Shattuck are representing the defendant company.

Yesterday the court, stenographer and attorneys journed to Bingham in automobiles to take the testimony of a witness who is confined to his home by illness. Between 50 and 75 witnesses have been called by the plaintiff and defendant companies and are in town to testify before the court, and it is expected the case will not be finished before the end of the week.

This case was started in 1911, and the decision of the court will be awaited with much interest by oil and railroad companies throughout the state, as well as the people in general.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending July 13th, 1912.

Gallup, Mrs. Andrew
Langlor, Mrs. John
Rickey, Mrs. Frank
Smithe, Mr. Frank.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

NOTICE.

The School Board of Norwich Twp will receive sealed bids for a school house at Betula, Pa., and an addition on the Norwich School house. Bids to be opened on the 27th of July.

Specifications will be furnished by the Secretary.

O. L. BARD, Secretary.
Colegrove, Pa., July 17, 1912.

OLYMPIC GAMES ENDED.

Americans Far in Lead; Sweden, 2nd; Great Britain, 3rd.

On Monday the greatest athletic event in the world ended at Stockholm, Sweden. The supreme team from America sent to participate, carried off the high honors, as has been the case since the Olympic games were revived in 1896.

To be crowned with laurel as in the days of ancient Greece and to receive in medals the reward for their strenuous exertions in the stadium, American after American stepped proudly up to King Gustav of Sweden at the close of the Olympic games Monday. Most richly endowed was James Thorpe, the Carlisle Indian, who captured both of the all-around events, adding a brilliant victory in the decathlon Sunday to the conquest in the pentathlon earlier in the meet.

For the victory of the pentathlon he earned the right to hold until the next Olympic meet the challenge cup presented by the King of Sweden, and by winning the decathlon he is entitled to the custody of the challenge cup presented by the Emperor of Russia. High honors, indeed, for one of the aborigines on the splendid team that went from the United States to lead every other nation for the fifth time in the recognized athletic championship of the world.

The final standing of all countries in all events, is as follows:

United States	128
Sweden	104
Great Britain	66
Finland	46
Germany	34
France	23
South Africa	16
Denmark	14
Italy	13
Canada	13
Australia	13
Belgium	11
Norway	10
Hungary	8
Russia	5
Greece	4
Austria	4
Holland	2

In the track and field events the standing is as follows: United States, 85; Finland, 27, Sweden, 24, Great Britain, 14, Canada, 7, South Africa, 5, France, 4, Germany, 4, Greece, 4; Hungary, 1, Italy, 1.

THINK IT OVER.

A Few Facts About the High Cost of Living

If the increasing cost of living was caused by lack of land upon which to produce food, then indeed the situation would be a serious one. Then the world would be facing a period of famine. But fortunately there are million of acres more than are needed to supply the world's demand for food. The lack is in laborers to produce it. According to the Indianapolis News 14 of the 48 states have sufficient improved land, with the right kind of soil, climate and sufficient rainfall, to produce all the staple crops now growing in the country. To make them do it, it is necessary for the average yield to reach a reasonable standard such is many American farmers have already achieved but which is still below the standard of Europe. The country's corn crop could be produced on the present improved land of Indiana, Illinois and Iowa and there would be ten million acres left over. The improved land of Texas would produce all the cotton now grown in the country and have a surplus of seven million acres. Similar facts as to various crops are set out by J. A. Bonsteel, scientist in the United States soil survey, in a recent number of World's Work. Our corn yield ought to be 40 bushels to the acre instead of 25, our cotton half a bale instead of a third, and our potatoes 200 bushels instead of 106 bushels. During the last decade the yield to the acre has been greater than ever before. In 1870 a farm family had to support two non-agricultural families. In 1900 it was called on to support three—an increase of 50 per cent. In 1912 it must support nearly four other families. This disproportion between industrial workers and farm workers is the fundamental and sound basis for the back-to-the-land movement, meaning an increase in the number of people to till the land well and to cultivate the unimproved acres now included in farms.

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FARM AND GARDEN

ANTS AID CORN-ROOT LOUSE

Little Brown Insects Care for Injurious Aphis Because of Liking for "Honey Dew."

(By R. L. WEBSTER.)

If you notice your corn plants dwarfing in patches over the field and the leaves of such plants turning yellow or a reddish color, look carefully around the base of the stalks for ant hills. If numerous ant hills are found, you may conclude that the corn-root louse is sucking the juice from the corn roots, weakening the stalks and consequently reducing the yield.

It is the presence of the ants that is the interesting part of the story. The root aphis secretes a sweet sub-

Winged and Wingless Corn-Root Louse.

stance, known as "honey dew," of which the ants are very fond. For this reason the root lice are very well cared for by the ants, and especially by one kind of ant known as the "little brown ant." In the fall the ants take the eggs of the root aphis down into their nests and keep them there throughout the winter. The next spring, when the eggs hatch, the ants place the young root lice on the roots of the common smartweed, or some other common weed, where the lice begin to feed. Later on, if the ground be planted to corn, the ants transfer the root lice from the weeds to the corn roots.

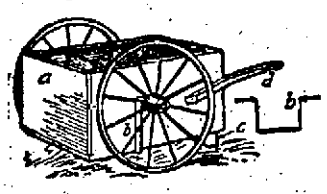
So the ants care for the root aphis, and in order to fight the root aphis the farmer must fight the little brown ant.

A deep, thorough stirring of the soil on old corn ground will tend to reduce injury by the root louse. This stirring of the soil breaks up the nests and scatters the ants. Consequently the ants cannot give the lice the proper care. The burrows of these ants do not often reach to a depth of more than six inches. If the ground is stirred at that depth, the attempts of the ants to recover their property and reconstruct their nests are rendered largely fruitless.

FARM CART IS QUITE HANDY

Little Vehicle, Useful for Great Many Purposes, Is Set on Two Discarded Buggy Wheels.

The illustration shows a side view of our hand cart which we have used for ten years. It is on buggy wheels which are high and yet the box is low down, writes C. R. Bashore in the Farm and Home. The axle is an old buggy axle bent as shown at b. The box, a, is about four fet long and two feet high. It can be used for many



Handy Farm Cart.

purposes and the box can be made any length and height desired. The shoe at c, made of heavy scrap iron, keeps the box level when the cart is at rest. Two hardwood handles, d, should be bolted on to push or draw the cart.

Catalpa Fence Posts.

Catalpa speciosa is a good tree. It makes a post sometimes in eight years, sometimes in ten. We have so many better trees, however, that we don't have to fall back on the catalpa, says a writer in the Ohio Farmer. I have tried a little catalpa to see what it would do. In some sections we have chosen the white oak. In South Georgia we have an excellent post, when we can get it, of long leaf pine. Where we cannot get that, we have the loblolly pine, and the short leaf pine can be used if we treat it with creosote to the amount of 15 cents a post, and it will last 15 to 20 years.

Bacteria for Alfalfa Soil.

Alfalfa needs a certain kind of bacteria in the soil to give the best results. These bacteria live on the roots of the plants, and give off as a by-product the nitrogen which the plant needs. This is an example of co-operation in nature.

In the soils where sweet clover has grown, these bacteria are usually present. If they are not, it is sometimes necessary to get soil from some field where alfalfa is growing, or some sweet clover soil, and scatter it over the alfalfa patch. This is called "inoculating the soil."

Water on Grindstones.

Hot water on the grindstone will spoil it after a while, so that it will have no grit. Use warm water, not hot, for taking the frost out of your stone.

PRETTY FLOWERS IN GARDEN

Great Beauty and Fragrance of Sweet Peas Make Them Most Popular—Must Have Support.

Sweet pea vines must have good support. Brush branches suit them better than anything else, but these are not always easy to get. A good substitute for brush is very coarse meshed wire netting.

As soon as the plants begin to bloom begin to cut from them. The more blossoms you cut off the more you will have. If care is taken to remove the blossoms as soon as they begin to fade, the plants will continue to bloom until frost comes; but if seed is allowed to ripen, you will have but few flowers during the latter part of the season.

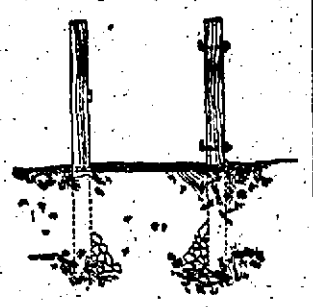
In cutting sweet peas give the flowers as long stems as possible. Never crowd them in vase or bowl. Just bunch them loosely in the hand, and then drop them into whatever is to hold them, give it a shape, and lo, your flowers will have arranged themselves to perfection.

No garden should be without some sweet pea vines. The great beauty and fragrance of the blossoms make them one of the most popular of flowers.

POSTS KEPT FROM SPREADING

Cumbersome Braces Done Away With by Connecting Rod Placed Beneath Surface of Earth.

Gate posts may be kept parallel vertically, without cumbersome braces, by connecting them beneath the surface of the earth with a long rod. When setting the posts, small rocks



Bolt Under Ground Between Posts.

or bricks should be packed tightly on the inside of the lower ends, says a writer in the Popular Mechanics. This construction will make a substantial brace, which will be out of sight and will effectively prevent the posts from spreading.

FIGHT LITTLE MELON APHIS

Best Way to Fight Pest Is to Burn Infested Vines Where They Are —Same for Cucumbers.

Melon growers around Rocky Ford, Colo., where canteloupes are grown extensively, find that the best way to fight melon aphis is to burn the infested vines just where they are. At least every other day they get over their patch of vines and look for the very dark green color and swollen, watery appearance of the leaves of the plants. A little later the leaves and vines take on a black, powdery cast that no one can mistake. The leaves curl under, but do not begin to wilt sometimes for days.

By keeping careful watch and destroying the plants as they show the presence of aphis, one can usually control the pest. Scatter straw over the infested hill and burn at once. To attempt to carry the vines to the edge of the field will simply spread the insect.

After burning a hill keep careful watch over adjoining hills, to see that the insects have not spread. Of course, the same treatment is recommended for cucumbers.

GARDEN and FARM NOTES

Give the earth good seed to work with.

A silo built of concrete will preserve silage well.

Truck farming in this country is not yet being overdone.

Rye may be cut for hay and used for all classes of livestock.

Most experienced melon pickers can tell a ripe melon from the looks.

The tool which usually follows the plow in the course of tillage is the harrow.

A ten-cent bolt now may save a dollar's worth of time when the rush of work comes.

With the exception of the plow, the harrow is perhaps the oldest of tillage instruments.

There is no reason why potatoes should not be cultivated with a riding corn cultivator.

Frequent stirring of the soil is said to be a good preventive of rust forming on the cultivator.

A liberal application of ashes to the soil where cabbage plants are grown is a preventive of clump root.

If the soil leaves the plowshare shiny and wet, wait a day or two. Wet plowing makes cloddy ground.

In seasons when drought prevails a better stand of clover can be secured by sowing the seed without a nurse crop.

When moss creeps into the meadows and pastures they need to be broken up and the soil exposed to the sun and air before reseeding.

Teams, wagons or stock passing over the meadows when they are soft and spongy cut the life out of the sod and lower the profits.

RECORD HARD-LUCK STORY

"Bill" Jordan Has an Experience That Caps All Stories of Misfortune.

You've heard all those funny hard-luck stories, but this is one that happens to be true and caps them all, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinati Times-Star. "Bill" Jordan is a teamster. He hadn't eaten for 24 hours and had been out of work for a week when he met a man who promised him a job. "Meet me on the corner of Fiftieth street and Lexington avenue at nine o'clock in the morning," said the man. Jordan was getting weak from hunger. He went to one of the Bowery pawnbrokers and traded his clothes for a worse suit and enough money to fill him with buckwheat cakes. He had just called for the cakes in one of the dumps on the Bowery where cash accompanies each order as a guarantee of good faith—and had paid for them—when fire broke out in the restaurant. Jordan managed to seize three off the top and ran into the street, munching them, but his cakes and his money were irretrievably gone. It was at night. He walked about all night—and it was a bitterly cold night—because he didn't have a nickel with which to buy a "flop" downtown. Jordan is a self-respecting man and he would not beg. Pretty shaky from want of food and the all night fight against the cold, he appeared at the corner of Fiftieth street and Lexington avenue an hour before time. While he was there the explosion took place in the Grand Central station. Jordan was shot across the street by it and when he came to some time later he noticed people laughing at him. The entire rear elevation of that miserable old suit he had rescued from the pawnbroker had been blown out. He couldn't even walk on the streets until he had picked up some castoff newspapers and pinned them across the gaps. And then he dared not sit down. He returned to the corner where he had been told to wait and stayed there for hours, shaking in the chill breeze, waiting for the man to come to whom he had hired. In the meantime he volunteered his services to those who were clearing away the ruins, although he was almost too weak to do any good. He helped carry out one of the victims of the explosion. It was the man who had hired him.

Aviators' Superstitions.

A chapel in the department of the Charente-Inferieure, France, called Notre Dame du Plantin, has just been dedicated to aviators, and a medal with the effigy of this new Notre Dame is going to be struck and distributed to all flyers who ask for it. It is a curious commentary upon our human weaknesses that the adepts in this newest science or sport, who seem to brave everything, are mostly rather superstitious persons. Santos-Dumont attributes his immunity from accidents to a medal of St. Benoit, presented to him by Comtesse d'Su, which he wears on a bracelet. Edmond Poillot always carries about with him a four-leaved clover, and is very fond of horseshoes, which he collects. Tabuteau, who holds several records, believes, like a Monte Carlo gambler, the number 28 is favorable to him, while poor Delagrange, who met with his death at Bordeaux, had a passion for the figure 13—for no other reason apparently than that he was born on March 13, 1873.

Arts and Crafts in Japan.

Of a total membership of 889, as reported at the annual meeting in the Twentieth Century club, the Society of Arts and Crafts has 287 members in Boston, 183 in Massachusetts outside of Boston, twenty-six in other states and territories and five in foreign countries, one being in Japan.

The jury reported that the work in metals had improved much during the year, enamels have improved in color and design. Wood carving has improved somewhat; textile work and embroidery have not improved, nor has work in ceramics. The membership committee reported that eighty-six craftsmen and sixteen associates were added to the society during the year and fifty-one have dropped out of membership.

"One Man."

"I have a servant girl who is capable and good natured and whom I wouldn't willingly part with, but she troubles me one way," said Mrs. Clockley to a visitor. "She is a Finn and knows but a few words of English, so the arrival of anyone from a guest to a grocer boy is heralded by her footsteps and the solemn words:

"'One man.'

"It is laughable and vexing. I have to go all the way downstairs to ascertain who it is. I am thinking of having a series of mirrors put up to reflect the visitor's image upstairs. Or perhaps I can invent a conning tower such as submarines are equipped with.

"At any rate I shall never be able to stand it until she learns enough English to tell who wants me."

Children Work at Home.

Miss Mary Van Kleeck, who is employed by the Sage Foundation, said recently in New York that the agitation against the child in the factory had simply meant the transfer of the bulk of the work to the homes of the poor. She says the law provides that no work shall be turned out of a tenement that has not been licensed, but it does not seem hard to obtain the license, and there are now more than 12,000 licensed tenements.

Mary Anne's Hero

By Harr Moses

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

Grimsby's new shoes pinched his feet. The road was dusty and this dust, mingled with the yellow pollen of the rag-weed, was making sad work of the lower part of his natty trousers.

"Confound Marry Anne!" exclaimed Grimsby.

Mary Anne was his cousin and he was on the way to her wedding. He liked Mary Anne the least of all the forty-seven first cousins whom he was so fortunate as to possess, but she was, nevertheless, the only one of the list for whose wedding he would have felt it necessary to put himself to so much discomfort and expense. This was because Mary Anne was vain and ambitious and adored Grimsby as her one wealthy and city-bred relative.

He knew that to her mind her wedding would be but a poor affair if she could not have him and his present to display to her assembled friends, and being abnormally considerate of the feelings of others, he had consented to go, and had spent far more money than he felt justified in doing in the purchase of a set of sterling silver tableware in a neat wooden case, which he had at that moment under one arm, and which was very heavy.

In addition to the wedding present he was encumbered with an umbrella, a suit case and a raincoat.

"What a fool I was to write Mary Anne not to send to the station for me," he growled, "and that a walk of three miles along a peaceful, grassy country lane would be delightful. Grassy country lane, indeed! It's a dusty, weedy, dusty, rutty road. But it's country all right! Oh yes! It's country, and its peaceful all right. There's not a soul in sight."

"Now I wonder how the deuce Mary Anne ever found a man to suit her in this Sleepy Hollow, where nothing ever happens? She always had her heart set on a hero, a man with good red blood in his veins, a doer of deeds."

By this time Grimsby had arrived at a bit of sequestered woodland through which the dusty road wandered in an aimless fashion, as if it had no clear notion concerning the direction which it wished to pursue. Hardly had he entered this wood and turned the first curve before a man, dressed in a ready made and ill-fitting black frock suit and wearing a stiff-bosomed white shirt, a tall straight collar and a pair of cuffs which fell down to his thumbs, strolled out from the shelter of some tall bushes, presented a revolver and remarked curtly:

"Money'r yer life! Hands up!"

Craven fear surged through Grimsby, his knees knocked together and he felt a strange, creeping sensation under his hat.

"Don't shoot!" he gasped, finding it impossible to obey the command regarding his hands promptly and dropping to his knees instead. "Don't shoot! I'll hold up my hands as quick as I can."

He grasped his coat and umbrella in one hand, slipped his thumb through the heavy cord with which the package containing the wedding present was tied and taking it and the suit case in the other, managed to execute the maneuver clumsily.

"Hum." said the highwayman, reflectively, "you might have put them down. It would have been easier."

Then he walked up and unhooked the wedding present from Grimsby's extended thumb.

"That's all I want," he said laconically, and walked off.

For a moment Grimsby remained on his knees, with his encumbered hands still raised aloft, then he slowly lowered them and rose tremblingly to his feet.

The highwayman shuffling off down the road looked over his shoulder.

"Going to the wedding?" he called. "Cause if you be, you might as well come along with me."

He paused and waited. Grimsby, too bewildered to reply, walked on distrustfully, until he had caught up to him. He noticed more particularly the man's clothes, the Sunday clothes of a rustic, and the honest tan of his face and hands. Suddenly an explanation came to him. The fellow was, like himself, a wedding guest, and having no present of his own and no money to buy one such as he deemed suitable—perhaps he was a discarded admirer of Mary Anne's who wished to make a show—had decided on this bold expedient.

At first it seemed that it would be an easy matter to denounce the fellow and recover his property, and then he saw that it wouldn't. Suppose the he saw that it wouldn't.

In silence he walked by the highwayman's side until they reached the front door of Uncle Nathan's abode. Then the highwayman, throwing the door open with a certain nonchalance, rather amazing under the circumstances, said:

"Walk right in mister," and then called more loudly, "Mary Anne! Here's Mr. Grimsby!"

Before he had time to reflect on these proceedings Grimsby was enfolded in his buxom cousin's loving arms, and by the time he had greeted his uncle and aunt, the highwayman had disappeared. He had barely made up his mind to tell Mary Anne that he had sent a gift by express and to be very indignant and astonished because it had not arrived on time, when his Aunt Martha took him into the downstairs bedroom to see the presents, and there in the place of honor was the sterling silver, with his own card properly displayed.

Mightily bewildered, he had not time to puzzle over the explanation of the matter, for a whisper ran about that the fatal moment had arrived and he found himself huddled up against the wall with the other guests and waiting in hushed expectancy, while Mary Anne's sister began to drawl a wedding march on the organ and everybody kept still and breathed hard.

After an age, and strung out about three rods apart, the wedding party appeared and took places before the gray-haired clergyman in the corner.

The bridegroom's turn came, and he made an awkward, sidling entrance through a narrow door.

"Hsh!" exclaimed Grimsby, then coughed confusedly and blushed.

The bridegroom was the highwayman of the wooded curve in the road.

"Why on earth?" thought Grimsby, and "What on earth?" and "Who on earth?"

Then he lapsed into semi-unconsciousness as the wedding march came to the end and the clergyman cleared his throat.

The preliminary parts of the ceremony were soon gone through.

"Martin," said the minister, turning to the bridegroom, "wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health; and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

"I wilt," responded the bridegroom, distinctly, but he didn't look like it.

"Mary Anne," resumed the clergyman, turning to the bride, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love, honor and keep him, in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

"I wilt not," said Mary Anne, and the emphasis was on the not.

There was a sensation, but it wasn't as much of a sensation as it would have been if the assembly had not been composed wholly of Mary Anne's lifelong friends and acquaintances. It was not consternation, but restrained hilarity, which made the guests breathe deeply and sway to and fro.

The clergyman paused, closed the book over his thumb, pushed his spectacles back on his forehead and looked reprovingly at the refractory bride.

The bridegroom did not seem either surprised nor annoyed.

"Mary Anne," began the clergyman sternly, "did I understand you to say that you wouldn't?"

"You did," affirmed Mary Anne emphatically, with flashing eyes, glowing cheeks and defiant mien.

"But she will just the same," declared the bridegroom with confidence.

"I will not," reiterated Mary Anne.

"Now, Mary Anne, my dear young woman," expostulated the clergyman. "What does this mean? How does it come that when we have all assembled here to witness your marriage to Martin, that you flatly refuse him? You must explain yourself or I'll go right ahead and pronounce you man and wife anyway."

"I'll explain, Mr. Cutright," declared Mary Anne proudly, "I'll explain gladly. I have been the victim of an imposition. When Martin asked me to marry him I told him that I had only one objection, and that was that he wasn't a hero, a man to stir the hearts of those with good red blood in their veins. Martin said he was a hero, only he'd never had a chance to show any of it around here, where things was always so quiet. But he promised me solemnly that if I'd have him, he would do something real heroical before the solemn hour and article of the wedding.

"Now, Mr. Cutright, that solemn hour and article has come. I gave Martin up to the very last minute. He has failed to do the deed and I won't marry him, so there. He has deceived me. He has failed to keep the promise that he made."

Mary Anne turned and pointed at her betrothed husband dramatically, and in excellent imitation of a tragedy queen she hissed the one word:

"Coward!"

"I ain't, neither," said Martin emphatically, scratching the place where his stiff collar sawed his neck most, "and I hain't failed to keep my promise, and I can prove it by Mr. Grimsby, over there in the corner."

He swung half way about and caught Grimsby's eyes, then swung back and faced the clergyman.

"Mr. Grimsby will testify that no later than this very day I done a brave and heroical deed and he seen me. I don't like to brag and so I won't say what it was and I won't ask Mr. Grimsby to say. All I ask is that he will solemnly before this here assembled congregation declare that what I say is so."

"Is this true, cousin Harold?" demanded Mary Anne, facing about eagerly.

Grimsby in his corner, finding all eyes upon him, blushed and stammered.

"It—it's true, Mary Anne," he cried excitedly, "it's true all right. I'll swear that Mr.—Mr.—" for the life of him he couldn't remember the bridegroom's surname—"that Mr. Martin is—is a—a hero—and a gentleman."

"I can believe my cousin Harold," declared Mary Anne proudly, turning back to the clergyman. "I am satisfied."

"Ahem!" interrupted the clergyman, opening his book again. "I suppose, then, that I may resume the ceremony?"

"You may," agreed Mary Anne, blandly, "and I change my answer from 'I wilt not,' to 'I wilt too.'"

"Jehoshaphat!" muttered Grimsby.

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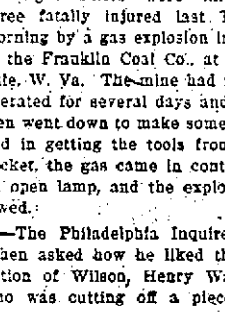

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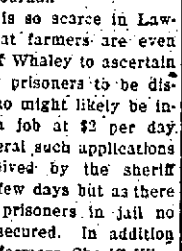

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 18, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—To-morrow will be the last day of the Bradford races.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Raymer on Sunday, July 14, 1912, a son.

—The force of the Redfield Publishing Co. held a basket picnic on "Town Hill" Monday afternoon.

—A small-sized tornado struck this town Monday night at 6 o'clock. But little rain accompanied the wind. No damage was done.

—If advertising don't pay, how can Wrigley afford to pay $6,000 a month for his spearmint gum advertisement in the Post? Ninety-two words, to 1,750,000 people at nearly $75 per word.—Ex.

—Thirty-four tickets were sold at the local P., S. & N. station Sunday for the excursion to Olean, Riverhurst and Rock City. The St. Marys Silver Cornet band accompanied the excursion and rendered excellent music at the rocks.

—Company C, of the 16th regiment, N. G. P., of Bradford, and Company E, of the same regiment, of Kane returned home Sunday from Mt. Gretna, Pa., where many "bloodless battles" have taken place during the past week at the annual instruction camp.

—M. L. Armstrong, who has been confined to his home on Main street for the past few months, suffered another slight stroke of paralysis Monday afternoon at about 6 o'clock. While Mr. Armstrong's condition was quite serious for a time, he has rallied and is now in a much improved condition.

—John Ballentine, vice-principal of the Clarion State Normal school, was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday. Mr. Ballentine has been connected with this school since its organization, and is looking up high school graduates throughout this section seeking to have them enter Clarion, and also calling on old Clarion graduates.

—Eight miners were killed and three fatally injured last Thursday morning by a gas explosion in a mine of the Franklin Coal Co., at Moundsville, W. Va. The mine had not been operated for several days and several men went down to make some repairs, and in getting the tools from a side pocket, the gas came in contact with an open lamp, and the explosion followed.

—The Philadelphia Inquirer says: When asked how he liked the nomination of Wilson, Henry Watterson, who was cutting off a piece of tobacco at the time, became so excited that he threw the plug in the street, struck the "chew" in his pocket and swallowed the knife.

—Last Friday the bonds of Mark M. Pomeroy, who was placed under $5,000 bail for his appearance before United States court at Erie, for trial for embezzlement of $45,000 from the Citizens' National bank at Port Allegany, were changed to the same amount for his appearance at United States court at Pittsburgh, which convenes in September. The change was made before Justice R. C. Gleason.

—Frederick Specht left Monday for Hornell, N. Y., where he will enter the shops of the Erie railroad, and take a special apprentice course in mechanical engineering. It is a three-year course. Fred graduated from State College this spring as a mechanical engineer, at which place he received the theoretical training, and now he is after the practical experience, which will then fit him for a fine position.

—A Meadville dispatch, dated July 11, says: The film around Conneaut lake, claimed by the Conneaut Lake ice company, is owned by that company, says the supreme court, in a decision which has just been handed down and the papers for which arrived at the office of the prothonotary yesterday. The decision affirms the judgment rendered by Judge Benton, of McKean county, officiating temporarily in the Crawford county courts, October 14, 1910.

—Representative Charles E. Patton, of the 21st Pennsylvania district, on last Thursday recommended the appointment of County Chairman Alf Evans to be postmaster at Kane, Pa., in place of the late R. K. Godding. Mr. Evans has been assistant postmaster of the Kane postoffice for a number of years and this recommendation, which really means his appointment, is a well merited advancement. The Miner extends congratulations to Mr. Evans.

—Thos. H. Higgins, an experienced newspaper man from Delaware county is negotiating for the purchase of the Potter Democrat and expects to inject new life into the only Democratic organ in Potter county, adding a linotype and other equipment to the mechanical department, as well as unmixed politics to its editorial columns. We will be glad to welcome Brother Higgins to the journalistic field of the Northern Tier.—Potter County Journal.

—Farm labor is so scarce in Lawrence county that farmers are even calling up Sheriff Whaley to ascertain if there are any prisoners to be discharged soon who might likely be induced to take a job at $2 per day and board. Several such applications have been received by the sheriff within the past few days but as there have been few prisoners in jail no help has been secured. In addition to the call from farmers, Sheriff Whaley has had many from contractors and manufacturing plants for laboring men.—Oil City Derrick.

—According to the St. Marys Gazette, a citizen of that town, F. S. Hammond, for his own amusement and advancement, has erected a wireless telegraph station in his home that is the peer of anything of the kind now in use by any amateur in this section. Mr. Hammond is almost sure that on several occasions he has been able to pick up messages from the government station on Cape Cod, 500 miles away. He is well versed in the science of electricity and understands telegraphy thoroughly.

—Landlord Leisure of the St. James, has converted the barroom and grill room of that popular hostelry into a wooded scene and the arrangement of effects is decidedly artistic. Trees and ferns give the place a sylvan aspect and bark is placed upon the floor to add to the realism. The trees bear electric bulbs to lighten the way in the miniature grove and summer breezes, wafted by electric fans, refresh the patrons seeking shelter from the blazing sun.—Bradford Era.

—A meeting of the Democratic county committee has been called for Wednesday, July 24, at 1:30 p. m., at the Hotel Holley, Bradford, for the purpose of electing a county chairman and secretary, and to fill the place on the ticket for member of assembly made vacant by Hon. E. R. Benson of Mt. Jewett withdrawing his name from the ticket. Mr. Benson was nominated in the April primaries, contrary to his wishes, he wishing to devote his time to the study of law.

—A government publication that should prove of interest to all residents of the United States and particularly to those who are considering the question of leaving congested industrial centers for the purpose of engaging in agriculture pursuits is a bulletin entitled "Agricultural Opportunities," which is being issued for free distribution by the Division of Information of the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization, Department of Commerce and Labor.—Oil City Derrick.

GROW KINDLY FEELING

ENGLISHMEN MAKE GIFT TO NEW ENGLAND TOWN.

Residents of Hingham Have Sent Old Stepping Stone to Massachusetts Namesake—Presented by the British Ambassador.

The old stepping stone which for 700 years stood in the public square at Hingham, England, was presented to Hingham, in this state, on behalf of the citizens of the English village by James Bryce, the English ambassador, the Springfield (Mass.) Republican says. The stone is to be used as a corner stone for a bell tower to commemorate the landing at Hingham 275 years ago of a band of pilgrims from Hingham, England.

Mr. Bryce said that he was glad to be privileged to express on behalf of the people of old Hingham in England, whence came the settlers of the new Hingham here, the sentiments with which they had sent this stone from their village green to the descendants of their common Norfolk ancestors. Used as a mounting block for riders in the old country, it spoke of a time when riding on horseback was practically the only means of travel. It spoke not only of its origin, but of all the changes that had passed in 300 years and of the warm good will and affection which those of the old town felt for those of the new town after all that lapse of time.

Looking through the list of settlers who had crossed the sea to this Massachusetts town in 1638 to 1639, he found many of the best known New England names. Among them was one name especially interesting, because its bearer is believed to have been the ancestor of the greatest American of the nineteenth century, Abraham Lincoln. There was, however, something more and something deeper than a mere continuity of families. There was a continuity of institutions and traditions.

"The settlers," said Mr. Bryce, "who came from Norfolk to Massachusetts bay to escape the oppressive rule of King Charles I. and Archbishop Laud, brought with them ideas and beliefs and habits already deeply rooted among the Englishmen of East Anglia, one of the most truly Teutonic parts of England. The love of freedom in the state, the love of freedom in religion, the sense of duty to God and to conscience. It was for the sake of these things that they left their quiet Norfolk homes to face the stern winters of a new and almost unknown land, in whose forests lurked unknown dangers from wild beasts and wild men. And it was on the foundation of these principles that they built up their institutions here, set up their self-governing towns, legislated in the general court of their self-governing colony and in due time joined in framing the constitution of their state and of the federal republic.

"That the American people have grown to a greatness and prosperity undreamed of by the little band who came from Old Hingham nearly three centuries ago is due partly to the sturdy spirit of the old race, but largely also to the faith that has never faltered in the principles and belief which the early settlers of the Bay state brought with them, and in their loyalty to which they and their descendants have never faltered. The history of American freedom is a continuation of the history of English freedom and both countries have alike given an example to the world of what these principles can accomplish."

ONLY WORK COUNTS

WOMAN IN BUSINESS SHOULD NOT BE SENSITIVE.

She Is Not Paid Because She Is Pretty or Stylish, but Because She Is Useful to the Business.

The woman who finds herself facing the problem of earning a living should immediately proceed to get rid of her sensitive feelings, if she has any. She would do well to try to sink her personality during business hours and keep saying to herself that only her work counts, that she is not paid because she is pretty or stylish, but just because she is useful to the business which pays her wages. When she fails in that her good looks will not save her. A capable girl with, perhaps, neither beauty nor style, will succeed her.

The employers who are hiring girls for their charms are few, and the girls who have to work are many. Feminine workers are striving to secure the wages of men, which can only be done by doing men's work. Now men do not expect praise and it does not turn their head when it is given. As a rule they do not accept reproof as a personal injury.

The just employer gives both praise and blame. When he pays promptly he expects good work every day and not according to the feelings of his workers. When there is a valid reason for leniency—like illness, for instance—he is kind, but for shirking he has no mercy. A man who employs more than fifty women told me that he had no trouble with them because he treated them exactly as he would treat men. His creed was so much work for so much money and he reasoned that no woman had a right to accept a position she could not fill. I think that was fully understood by his office, for he was in the habit of going away and returning without warning, and he seemed satisfied with the result.

Women are not yet accustomed to being treated with the lack of courtesy which makes the atmosphere of a business place. A man whose brain is turning over important plans cannot give particular attention to the tone in which he addresses an employee. It may be brusque without his knowing it or intending any unkindness. A man would pay no attention to tone as long as words were decent, but to a woman's sensitive ear the tone is everything. It seriously affects her work, so business men claim, and it is the necessity for avoiding trouble that turns them in favor of male workers. I saw a badly ironed sheet taken back to the kitchen recently by a woman who is never anything but kind to her employees. "When you find clean clothes that look like this, Mary, do not bring them to me; do them over." The girl burst into tears with the remark that nobody had ever found fault with her laundry till then. It required some reasoning to bring her to a proper frame of mind, and the woman decided to replace her by one less sensitive at the earliest opportunity. It came last week.—Betty Bradeen in The Buffalo Enquirer.

No More "Ticket-of-Leave" Men.

The old ticket-of-leave system—the staple of many an honest melodrama after Charles Peace—has at last gone altogether. Henceforth the discharged convict really anxious to make a clean start will not be brought into direct contact with the police. Up to now the convict has been supervised by the police on the one hand and cared for by various philanthropic societies on the other, and there has been no co-operation between the police and the societies. The new scheme is to combine into a central body the societies which have hitherto aided discharged prisoners and to give this body authority to deal with the convicts and funds to carry on the work. This body will be responsible for the convicts whose interests it serves, and the police will have no more dealings with discharged prisoners so long as they keep from further crime.—From the London Saturday Review.

Experience to Remember.

A woman and her four-year-old child were rescued early the other morning on a Welsh mountain after a terrible ordeal. They visited some relatives and started back across the Dert mountain. The woman, however, took the wrong road, and as night fell found she was lost. In the darkness, both she and the child fell into a brook. They managed to extricate themselves, but as they ran to and fro, wet through and bitterly cold, the child left its mother's side. The woman wandered about screaming for help, until a workman heard her. Search parties were at once sent out, and the child was discovered in a plantation, almost dead from exposure, with a bad wound in the head caused by falling over a rock. It had been without food, on the frozen mountain side, for sixteen hours.

Work Wins Reward of Merit.

It is interesting to know that Mrs. Arthur Nevin took up the study of bacteriology in the first place simply as a hobby, and the fact that she has been appointed bacteriologist of the Pasteur institute shows how well she did her work even as an avocation only. She is the wife of the composer Arthur Nevin, and makes a specialty of diseases of the throat and lungs. She will now have M. D. after her name.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

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—AND—

EMBALMING

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The best goods at reasonable prices.

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The chances are we have it.

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Everything in the Drug Line

BEST,
PUREST
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COMPLETE,
PRICE RIGHT.

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Drug Store

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Westbrook Academy graduates are at a premium, as usual. Sixty-three have been recommended to positions this year. Students are now booking for our 51st school year, to open Sept. 5. Catalogue free. Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y.

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Wedding gifts in Silver, Cut Glass and China.

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Smethport, - - - Pa.

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Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

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BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty

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We're a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Spring to show you.

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kupenheimer.

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We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.

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retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

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Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. (Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
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BARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 18, 1912.

Woodrow Wilson has appointed William F. McCombs as national chairman, to lead his fight in the coming presidential campaign. Mr. McCombs was the man who headed his forces in the pre-convention campaign.

A Harrisburgh dispatch dated July 13, says: Responsibility for the Ligonier wreck, with its slaughter of 26 lives, seems to lie between the passenger conductor, Kuhn, Dispatcher Noell and Assistant Superintendent Minnich, according to the report of Marshall John P. Doboney to the state railroad commission, which sent him to investigate the horror.

The Democratic state central committee of Pennsylvania yesterday re-elected George W. Guthrie, of Pittsburgh, as state chairman. The end of the factional fight that has kept the party in a turmoil for a year past, was signalized by the resignation of Walter E. Ritter, of Williamsport, who had claimed the state chairmanship on the "old guard" side. Ritter occupied the platform with Guthrie.

The murderer of little 12-year-old Julia Connor, who was brutally murdered in New York 12 days ago, has been identified, the young man's father telling the police that his son, Nathan Shwartz, was guilty. The father, Samuel Shwartz, told how he had learned from his son the details of the ghastly crime and had then disowned him, and sent him away. The young man has not as yet been located.

Herman Rosenthal, a well known gambler who was to have been the chief witness in a sweeping police graft inquiry in New York, beginning Tuesday, was shot and instantly killed in Times Square, at 2 o'clock Tuesday morning. His assailants, five in number, escaped in an automobile which had brought them to the spot a moment before. At least two witnesses agreed that one or more of the men in the car were policemen.

The National Prohibition convention concluded its labors in Atlantic City on Saturday night, with the nomination of the men who carried the banner of prohibition four years ago, Eugene W. Chafin of Arizona, for President, and Aaron S. Watkins of Ohio for vice-president. In each case the nomination was made by acclamation after a single ballot had indicated the preference of the delegates. This sure was some tame after the Baltimore convention with its 46 red-hot ballots.

The importation of absinthe into the United States and its sale in interstate commerce was prohibited after October 1 next by a pure food decision signed last Friday by Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture. "It is generally recognized," said the decision, "that this beverage is dangerous to health." Members of the Pure Food board expressed the opinion that the decision will stop the use of absinthe in the United States. Many foreign countries have passed similar laws and it is to be hoped that such measures will eventually stamp out the use of this insidous liquor.

President Taft will be officially notified of his nomination for President by the Republican convention, at the White House on August 1st. This is the decision of National Chairman Hilles and Senator Root, chairman of the notification committee. Directly after his notification, if Congress has adjourned by that time, President Taft will leave for his summer home at Beverley, and spent the summer there. If Congress has not adjourned he will go to Beverley as soon as that august body does so adjourn. Mr. Taft reiterates his statement that he will make no campaign speeches this fall.

United States Senator William Lorimer, junior senator from Illinois, was deprived of his seat in the Senate last Saturday, when the Senate, by a vote of 55 to 28, decided that his election to that body had been fraudulently gained. Lorimer was elected to the Senate by the Illinois legislature in 1909. Eighteen months ago the Senate investigated his election and upon a vote taken, decided that he was entitled to his seat. The present investigation was really but a continuation of the one of 18 months ago. All last week speeches occupied the time of the Senate for and against Lorimer, and for three days Lorimer, himself, took the floor to defend his seat. He made impassioned speeches in defense of his election, but the resolution of Luke Lea, of Tennessee, that "corrupt methods and practices were employed in the election of William Lorimer," was carried by the above result. The two Pennsylvania senators, Boies Penrose and George T. Oliver, voted against the resolution.

By a vote of 223 to 1, with 10 members present but not voting, the House of representatives agreed last Thursday to present the thirteen articles of impeachment against Judge Robert W. Archibald of the Commerce court, to the Senate. Representative Farr of Pennsylvania was the lone member who voted against the resolution to impeach. The House then unanimously selected Chairman Clayton of the Judiciary committee, and Representatives Webb, Floyd, Sterling, Howland and Norris to prosecute the case before the Senate. The impeachment charges were debated practically all day in the House, and Judge Archibald's conduct in office was severely criticised by members of both the Republican and Democratic parties.

The Senate on Tuesday ordered a summons issued for Judge Archibald to appear Friday, July 19, at 12:30 o'clock and answer the charges of impeachment brought against him.

Representatvie Sterling of the Judiciary committee declared this impeachment would finally decide whether the constitution offered sufficient remedy in the punishment of corrupt judges or whether the recall of the judiciary was necessary.

Last Thursday the lines were drawn for a great diplomatic struggle between the United States and Great Britain over the question of whether this country may discriminate in favor of American vessels in the administration of the Panama canal. A series of conferences have developed the fact that the forces in Congress favoring free passage to American ships engaged in coastwise trade, are in control. These forces take the position that there is nothing in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, under which the canal was built, to prevent this concession. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty, in general, binds this country to operate the canal on terms of entire equality for all nations with no discrimination against any nation in respect of charges.

The United States will hold that as long as the ships of all foreign nations are accorded the same treatment in the use of the canal, this country may pass American ships free, or rebate the tolls charged against them. On Saturday the Senate voted, 40 to 34, to make the Panama bill unfinished business. This substantially refuses Great Britain's request that the bill be held up pending diplomatic negotiations.

Another horrible railroad wreck occurred on Sunday last at Western Springs, Ill., about 18 miles west of Chicago, on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad. Seventeen people were killed and about 40 were injured. Pending an official investigation the C., B. & Q. officials place the blame upon the engineer in charge of the mail train which crashed into the rear of the stalled passenger train, known as the Overland Limited. Reports state that these two fast trains run only about nine minutes apart at the point of accident. There was a heavy fog, and it is supposed the engineer of the mail train didn't (or couldn't) see the signal said to have been set against him. If it is true that the fog was so dense that the signal could not be quickly and plainly seen by the engineer of the mail train, it would appear the fault lay in another direction. With an engineer driving his train at a rate of sixty miles an hour through a dense fog objects are well-nigh indistinguishable. It would seem than in a country where such fogs are prevalent, railroad officials would devise some surer method of blocking their trains. The engineer of to-day has responsibilities a hundred times greater than he did 15 or 20 years ago. To-day he pulls trains carrying hundreds of people at terrific rates of speed, yet practically the only improvement for safety is the air-brake. Trains are more numerous, necessitating him getting his train through on schedule, and there are innumerable small "engine troubles" that make it impossible for him to keep his eye all the time on the track on the lookout for signals and danger.

One plank of the Republican platform adopted at Chicago is "Laws to insure safety at sea." It would appear that "laws to insure safety on land" would be equally important.

Representatives of 50 railroads, east of Chicago and north of the Ohio river, met the official heads of their locomotive engineers' union before an arbitration commission on Monday in New York, in an effort to reach a settlement of differences which recently threatened to result in a strike that, it was claimed, would have paralyzed the industries of the country. Increased pay estimated at $7,500,000 per year and better working conditions are involved.

Oscar Strauss, former Secretary of Commerce and Labor, presided. The other members of the commission are Charles R. Van Hise, president of the University of Wisconsin; Frederick N. Judson, of St. Louis; Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the Review of Reviews; Otto M. Eidlitz, a New York contractor; Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and P. H. Morrissey, former president of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen.

Warren S. Stone, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, occupied the whole afternoon presenting the case of the men. He said that the men base their claim upon two things: responsibility while on duty, and skill required.

B. A. Worthington, president of the Chicago & Alton railroad, who is presenting the case for the railroads, made the statement before the board that if the companies are forced to grant the advance several roads will be thrown on the brink of bankruptcy.

Worthington indicated the railroads will try to convince the board the engineers do not deserve more pay for the reason they are the highest paid skilled workers in the service of the railroads. He said the proposed new scale in some instances will increase the pay of the drivers 56.35 per cent. a year and a general average of 18.50 per cent. for the year. He also made the plea that if the engineers get more money, firemen, conductors, and all other railroad employes will also demand higher wages.

This case is being watched with great interest throughout the country and the final decision of the board of arbitration will be anxiously awaited by the people at large.

A SAD CASE.

Demented Man Chained to Floor for 20 Years.

Pittsburgh, July 16.—After being chained to the floor in a room in a lonesome farm house for more than twenty years, Harry Munshower, aged 36, is at the State Asylum for the Insane at Dixmont, where he was delivered yesterday in a pine box. When the box was opened under the eyes of Superintendent Hutchinson the insane man was found bound hand and foot and able only to move his head. A small grating at one end of the box permitted air to enter. Harry Munshower had no clothes on when he arrived. His hair hung down near his waist. Neither hair nor beard has been cut for two decades.

The man is a son of S. Munshower, a farmer of White township, Indiana county, who died July 1. While arranging for the burial neighbors discovered the insane man. It was thought years ago that Harry had run away and that he was never heard of again by the family. The venerable father hoped always that his son's reason would be restored. When he died his secret was discovered.

FIREMEN'S CONVENTION.

Canoe Place Making Big Preparations For This Event.

The preparations for the Firemen's convention to be held in Port Allegany on Thursday and Friday, August 15 and 16, are well developed now and the business is going on smoothly and looks good for final success. Prizes and purses have not yet been arranged but the money is being subscribed liberally by the citizens and there will be plenty of funds. All the county fire companies are expected to be here, in fact, are now arranging to be present. The regular meeting of the Association will be held on the 15th, and the real fun will begin the next morning at daylight. Cameron and Potter county companies have been invited to come, and take part in the celebration. A half dozen bands will be in to parade. Two, at least, will be here on the first day. The hotels are arranging to care for the guests that are expected and it is probable that private houses will be called upon to help care for the visitors. Every citizen should now consider himself a committee of one to help the several committees appointed by the Star hose company. There are quite a good many exempt firemen who, though not required to fight fires, can even up their membership by getting at work now to make the big convention the success that other cities have made of it.—Port Allegany Reporter.

4th CLASS POSTMASTER EXAM.

Will Be Held on Saturday August 3, 1912, for Vacancy at Ormsby.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces that on the date named above an examination will be held at Smethport, Pa., as a result of which it is expected to make certification to fill a contemplated vacancy in the position of fourth class postmaster of class (b) at Ormsby and other vacancies as they may occur at that office, unless it shall be decided in the interests of the service to fill the vacancy by reinstatement. The compensation of the postmaster at this office was $224 for the last fiscal year.

Age limit, 21 years and over on the date of examination, with the exception that in a state where women are declared by statute to be of full age for all purposes at 18 years, women 18 years of age on the date of the examination will be admitted.

Applicants must reside within the territory supplied by the postoffice for which the examination is announced.

The examination is open to all citizens of the United States who can comply with the requirements.

Application forms and full information concerning the requirements of the examination can be secured from the postmaster at Ormsby, or the Secretary of the Board of Civil Service Examiners at Smethport, or from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Applications should be properly executed and filed with the Commission at Washington within 7 days before the date of the examination, otherwise it may be impracticable to examine the applicants.

U. S. Civil Service Commission.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Ralph White was the guest of Kane friends over Sunday.

Mrs. S. R. Lindsley left Monday for a visit with friends in Kane.

E. J. Brasted is a guest of his brother, D. M. Brasted, and family.

W. P. Mitchell of Olean was a Sunday visitor with relatives in town.

Alberta Richardson of Kane is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Miss Bernice Jackson of Medina, N. Y., is a guest of Miss Chrystel Comes.

Miss Sarah Greer left Saturday for Ridgway where she will visit friends.

William Kruger of Friendship, N. Y., was a Smethport visitor this week.

Mrs. Searle of Radnolph, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. George W. Mitchell.

C. A. Anderson and daughter, Miss Edna, were Smethport visitors Sunday.

M. O'Rielly and Merl Bisset are visiting friends and relatives in Pittsburgh.

Mrs. Byron Badger and daughter Miss Viola, wer Olean visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dunbar of Olean were in town a few hours on Sunday.

Mrs. Hazzard of Providence, R. I., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. T. Palmer.

Mrs. A. B. Mells of Geneva, N. Y., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

Harry Provin of Warsaw, N. Y., is the guest of his grandmother, Mrs. C. C. Sloan.

Joe Brown of Jamestown, N. Y., was the guest of friends in town the first of the week.

Miss Jane Cranmer has returned from a visit with friends and relatives in Clearfield.

W. K. Swetland of Coudersport was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday morning.

Miss Esther Engstrom left Saturday for a visit with relatives in Jamestown, N. Y.

Mrs. Andrew Hanley and son, Francis, left Monday for several weeks' visit with relatives in Erie.

Mrs. H. W. Rubin and daughter, Miss Stella, are the guests of Mrs. Sol Marks, at Renova, Pa.

Misses Bessie Engstrom, Mayme Colegrove and Clyte and Cora Abbey were Olean visitors Sunday.

Mrs. H. E. Dumjohn and daughter, Maude, of St. Marys, were guests of relatives in town a few days last week.

Dr. Robert Hamilton and son, John, left Tuesday for Canada, called there by the illness of the former's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young returned home Friday evening after an extended visit with friends at Boston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. McAhon left Saturday for the Adirondack mountains for a month's visit with relatives.

Miss Juanita Mills left Monday for her home in Elmira, N. Y., after an extended visit with Miss Myra Sherburne.

Miss Theo Gifford left Monday for Williamsport after a two weeks' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Gifford.

Mrs. Samuel Bloomberg and mother, Mrs. Engstrom, left Saturday for a two weeks' visit with relatives at Jamestown, N. Y.

Miss Flossie Waite who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Colegrove, returned to her home in Jamestown, N. Y., to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Eckom of Rochester, N. Y., who have been visiting the latter's sister, Mrs. John Karlon, returned to their home Monday.

Miss Mollie King and nephew, Robert Palmer, left yesterday for a visit with Robert's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Palmer, of Friendship, N. Y.

Mrs. James McKean and grandchildren, Margaret and James Hubbard, returned home Tuesday from a three weeks' visit with relatives at Cortland, N. Y.

(Additional Personals on Page 8.)

MEN ONLY
All Wool Blue Serge Suit Sale.
25---Blue Serge Suits---25
[Absolutely Guaranteed.]
GOING AT
$11.25
Try one on now while we have your size.
H. W. Rubin,
THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries
WHAT PLACE
Can be more
TANTALIZING
TO THE KIDS
than the pantry with locked doors.
ESPECIALLY
When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient, until meal time Kids!
TRY THESE, They'll Please!
GEO. WASHINGTON
Prepared coffee.
Made in the cup.
Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.
ARTIS BROTHERS'
PLUM PUDDING
Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.
F. W. BROWNELL,
PHONE 7.

$3.25 Niagara Falls
5 DAY EXCURSION
Saturday, July 20th
Train Leaves Newton 2:56 p. m.
via
Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry.,
"THE WAY TO GO"
C. O. D. PASCOULT,
Division Passenger Agent,
Pittsburg, Pa.
H. E. HUNTINGTON,
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Rochester, N. Y.

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To Brasted's

DAVIS
BAKING POWDER
Sold under the unqualified guarantee of "satisfaction, or money back." ¼ lb. 5c.—½ lb. 10c.—1 lb. 20c.
None better made at any price.
All good Grocers sell it or will get it for you.

JOB PRINTING
The Miner Job Dept. is complete, all the latest styles of type. Bring us your letterheads, envelopes, cards, etc.

McCALL PATTERNS

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THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

The Terror of Sweeping Day

Won't bother you a bit if you have one of our National Sweepers. They lessen the labor of Sweeping 95 per cent., brightens your carpets and rugs, raises no dust, and makes sweeping a pleasant task.

Prices from $2.50 up.

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

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That the people in this vicinity are interested in the

Quality of Groceries.

We handle the very best of goods of their class to be found in any market. Our aim is to keep pace with all new and fresh goods and offer the same at the market value prices, giving you value received for your money.

Our goods are always fresh and clean and the quality is a memory of long standing with our customers, being the cause of a large increase in our business. We invite you to call and inspect the largest and most complete line of Groceries in this vicinity.

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

Prompt Delivery Bell 'phone 107

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 18, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Trout fishing season closes on Wednesday, July 31.

—On Monday thermometers on Main street registered 96 in the shade.

—T. H. Purtle, of the Commercial House, is confined to his bed by illness.

—Baseball at Kane Field this afternoon, and tomorrow afternoon. Games called at 3 o'clock.

—A 9-pound girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. Benard, Monday.—Eldred Eagle.

—Mrs. Byron Badger entertained the "Country Cousins Club" yesterday at her home on East street.

—Clerk of Courts Frank R. Foster has been confined to his rooms for the past two weeks by illness.

—Miss Beatrice Gifford entertained a few friends on Wednesday evening of last week at her home on Union street.

—The Misses Lois and Hazel Green entertained a small party of friends at their home on King street last Thursday evening.

—Constable U. H. Foote suffered a slight heat prostration on Saturday and was confined to his home as a result on Saturday and Sunday.

—Smethport vs. Butler at Kane Field this afternoon at 3 o'clock. The same teams, the same place and the same time to-morrow.

—Two hand-organ artists with the accompanying two monkeys provided plenty of sport for the youngsters of this place yesterday.

—Miss Carrie Ellingsfeldt has resigned her position as bookkeeper at the store of Fry & Comes, and the resignation took effect Tuesday morning.

—Rev. Summersgill will preach at the Methodist Episcopal church Sunday morning at 10:30. Sunday school at noon. There will be no evening service.

—Two young men in this place are said to be practicing the ways of "Jack, the Hugger," and it is to be hoped they run afoul the law in their nefarious practice.

—The Smethport Boy Scouts baseball team drove to Port Allegany Tuesday and won from the Port Allegany Boy Scouts team by a score of 7 to 4 in an exciting 10-inning game.

—Mrs. Carrie Marks entertained a party of young ladies last Saturday evening at her home on Bank street. The evening was pleasantly passed in playing "500." Refreshments were served.

—There will be a game of baseball this afternoon at 3 o'clock between the fast Butler team and the Smethport nine. To-morrow afternoon (Friday) the same teams will line up for another game.

—St. Luke's parish basket picnic was held at Riverhurst yesterday. Over 90 tickets were sold for the excursion and many more went in automobiles, taking in all about 125 picnicers to Riverhurst. An excellent time is reported by all.

—D. C. Young suffered a slight attack of heart failure last Saturday morning at about 11 o'clock, while at the Grange National bank. Mr. Young was hurried to his home and medical aid summoned. He quickly rallied and is now in his usual good health.

—The Pittsburgh & Shawmut railroad expects to have its tunnel at Mahoning completed by July 25. Trains have been running through the tunnel to the Allegheny river for some time. The company is working night and day on the construction and rapid progress is being made.

—To-morrow (Friday) evening the I. O. O. F. band will give a dance in Armstrong's hall at Norwich. Concerts will be given at Crosby, Colegrove and Betula on the way to Norwich, and the Smethport Male quartette is planning to accompany the band and render some pleasing selections.

—Carpenters are tearing the gambrel-roof off the barn of Mellville Gillett, situated in the rear of his home on West Main street, and in its place will put on a hip-roof to conform with the roof on the house. The barn when finished will be but one story high. Burlingame and Cummings are doing the work.

—From the Pittsburgh Gazette Times we glean the following: Bishop Cortland Whitehead and Mrs. Whitehead of Ellsworth avenue, will leave this evening to sail Friday from New York for Europe, where they will be for several months, passing most of the time in Paris, France, where Mr. Whitehead will preach.

—Last Saturday, Kenneth Mayo, trustee in bankruptcy of the Lindquist estate at Marvindale, sold the logs belonging to that estate to Holmes & Gilfillan, of this borough, who will bring them here and convert them into lumber at their saw mills. The logs were at Marvindale and in the woods near the Shawmut "loop."

—On Saturday last, Bouton & Forrest drilled in another well on their lease of the Duffy farm, west of this borough. This well is but a short distance from the last one drilled in, and while it doesn't make as good a showing as its predecessor, it is thought it will be good for between 3 and 5 barrels of oil per day. It is to be shot to-day.

—The management of the I. O. O. F. band has completed arrangements whereby that fine musical organization will give a concert on the court house square on Thursday evening of every week, weather permitting. The Smethport Male Quartette, composed of J. L. Morrison, Donald Hogarth, "Jack" Morrison and Ed. Bouton, will render selections during these concerts, accompanied by the band. The people of this town will greatly appreciate these concerts.

—General Manager Milton F. Melvin has received $1,000, the voluntary gift of a Bradford citizen, to the Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis society for the benefit of Bon Air sanatorium. The society has not made, and does not wish to make, a general canvass for subscription, but Mr. Melvin and others associated with him in the war on tuberculosis are anxious to receive voluntary subscriptions and the action of the generous Bradford man may prompt others to contribute what they can afford.—Bradford Era.

—Kenyon Abbey, the 9-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Abbey, is seriously ill at the home of his parents on King street. On Sunday, July 7, the little boy was taken ill, but was not considered dangerously sick until last Saturday when his condition became such that Dr. Burg Chadwick was called and diagnosed his case as a severe attack of cerebro spinal meningitis. The little fellow is in a serious condition and the many friends of this family hope for his ultimate recovery.

—The executive order which will completely change the design of the United States five-cent piece probably will be issued by President Taft within a few weeks. J. W. Frazer, the New York artist, is working out the design. The figure of a buffalo has been selected for the nickel's face to displace the goddess of liberty, because, it is explained, the buffalo is peculiarly an American animal. The thought of the buffalo suggests the Indian and for that reason an artistic head of a red man will adorn the reverse of the new piece of money.

—C. D. Henline of the Bradford Gun club, won the great Eastern Handicap of the Seventh Eastern Handicap tournament of the Interstate association which came to an end Thursday evening, and the prize of $250 is his. Some great shooting was done on the Foster Brook grounds of the Bradford Gun club, where the shoot was held, and many noted gunners were there. It was one of the most successful shoots the association ever held, and reflects much credit on the members of the Bradford Gun club.

—On Tuesday the Senate passed without discussion the "terror battleship" resolution introduced by Senator Tillman, proposing that the United States build the greatest warship possible under modern naval conditions, to put an end to the "race for naval supremacy." Mr. Tillman's resolution directs the Committee on Naval Affairs to determine how far shipbuilders and armorers can go to build "the very best battleship or cruiser the world has ever seen or will ever see," and proposes to name the new ship the "Terror" and make her the "peacemaker of the world."

—A wonderful display of lightning was witnessed last evening by those who were up at about 11 o'clock.

—Wednesday afternoon John Gale, who is employed as a blower at the Smethport Window Glass Co.'s factory, had the misfortune to fall on the clutch lever of one of the blowing machines, giving himself a very painful injury. To escape pieces of flying glass from a broken roller, he jumped from the work-bench to the floor, and in so doing his jumper caught on the starting box. In an endeavor to save himself from falling on clutch lever he fell squarely on the lever, producing a painful bruise and a slight cut on the thigh. The young man will have a painful wound for several days.

—John M. Andrews will cast his lot with the people of the town in which he was freed of the crime of murdering Emile Amann. Andrews will locate in Erie. John Steen, who has just returned from Erie, said that he met Andrews on the street there, was embraced by the man convicted here of murder, and was informed by Andrews that he had decided to remain in the lake city. Andrews did not divulge his plans, however, as to what he intended to work at. Mrs. Andrews is now in Warren packing up the household goods which will be shipped to Erie county in a few days.—Warren Times.

—A dispatch from Bradford to the Pittsburgh Gazette Times, dated July 16, says: There was no pool selling within the city limits to-night in connection with the Lake Erie circuit races. Last night pools were sold in the Exchange Lyceum, but to-day Constable Harry Hayes informed J. B. Steels, in charge of the Lyceum, that he would be arrested and taken to Smethport if the pool selling was continued. To-night three special trolley cars were used to convey the horsemen and others to the driving park where the pool selling was conducted without interruption. The stopping of pool selling here is the first in the history of the city.

—On Wednesday night of last week U. H. Foote, of this borough, saw a large black bear near the cabin of the Olds Rod & Gun club on Robbins brook. At about 11 o'clock that evening Mr. Foote went to the spring near the cabin for a pail of water. He was carrying a lamp, and when near the spring he was startled to hear a loud "woof." Upon investigation he saw a large black bear, who started up the hill at a good rate of speed. When Mr. Foote reached the spring the water was riled up, where the bear had been wallowing, probably in an effort to cool himself, as it was a hot night. The spring is one that years ago got the name of "bear wallow" spring, on account of the large number of bear that used the spring for a wallowing place. When the Olds Rod & Gun club built their cabin on Robbins' brook they drained the spring and fixed it up for their use.

MOTOR CARS FOR SALE.

One 1-cylinder Cadilac in good running condition, price $65.00.

One two- or four-passenger steamer in fine condition, price $150.

One $3,200 Pope-Hartford 40-horse power, equipped with new tires all around and all modern accessories. This car is a great bargain at $700.00.

Inquire of

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.,

tf Smethport, Pa.

SPRING MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

EVERY PAIR OF SUMMER PANTS

Reduced TO $2.50 A PAIR

Not a pair worth less than $3.50 and most of these Pants sold for $4.00 and $4.50. Made Peg Top and Cuff bottom.

YES! $2.50, THAT'S ALL.

We've got your size.

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Ladies Home Journal Patterns Olcott Shirts

FRY & COMES

Store Closed at 6 p. m. excepting Mondays and Saturdays.

A Sale Of Remnants.

Short lengths of desirable merchandise at about half usual prices.

A Great accumulation of remnants from our July Clearance Sale will be placed on sale Friday morning.

Remnants of Dress Goods, Silks, Velvets, Prints, Ginghams, Percales, Towelings, Muslin, White Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Trimmings, Dress Goods, Linings.

It will pay you to come.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, : : : PA.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in tour feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT, PENN'A.

Don't Buy Tire Worries With a Pleasure Car.

It is now possible to make an automobile journey without a thought of your tires.

RESILIO

Makes it so. It cures every evil chargeable to pneumatic tires. It increases the life of the casings fifty to one hundred per cent. It never loses its vitality. It is a perfect shock absorber. It rides as easy as air. It saves money and annoyance. It does not granulate, freeze or soften. It fits any tire on any rim. It is absolutely trouble proof. It saves expense in special tools. AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, It permits one to continually enjoy the pleasures automobiles were intended to promote.

RESILIO—What It Is

Resilio is a vegetable compound which is forced into the inner tube hot, in a semi-liquid state, where it immediately vulcanizes, and is ready for the road in a few hours.

Pneumatic tires have not kept up with the Pace.

It is conceded that pneumatic tires are ten years behind the times in automobile construction, and many devices have been offered to cover this seemingly unconquerable fault.

Most of them have no merit, and some indifferent merit. Some are beyond reason because of the cost and it remains for

RECILIO

To cover every known objection in tire construction, which it does in the most simple manner and at a very reasonable price.

RESILIO Has Stood the Test

Before a single claim had been made for RESILIO it had been tested for two years on cars subjected to every possible use, and under all climatic conditions.

Actual tests show great gains in efficiency of power in your gasoline; a feature worth remembering.

The motorist whose tires are treated with RESILIO knows what it is to enjoy pneumatic tire speed, resiliency and comfort without pneumatic tire expense, trouble and worry. Knows what it means to feel that there can be No blowouts. No punctures. No extra tires or tubes to carry. No rim cuts. No leaky valves. No delays. No accidents. No dirty work on the roads.

It is not affected by heat or cold. Can be used in any tire under any conditions. Does not flatten from standing or lose its shape from any other reason.

IT IS PERFECTION IN A TIRE FILLER.

If you are interested in RESILIO; for prices and further information call on or address

PENN TIRE FILLER CO., Coudersport, Pa.

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BACKUS NOVELTY CO., Smethport, Pa.,

Sole agents for McKean County.

The Cross on the Moon

By JOHN H. WARNACK

The governor sat in the library of his beautiful new home, his head bowed in deep thought, while through his great heart surged conflicting emotions like warring waves in time of storm. He had just been visited by the mother of Jim Turner, the man who at 6 o'clock that evening was to be hanged for the murder of his father. The governor had remained apparently calm during the interview, but the woman's visit had shaken his nerves, had made him question the justice of the law and caused him to doubt his own judgment.

"Governor," the woman had said, "if Jim Turner dies tonight, the soul of an innocent man will whisper into the ear of God the story of a legalized murder. My son was accused of taking the life of his gentle father, my husband. He has been tried before the courts of this state, and has been pronounced guilty by a jury of twelve ignorant mountaineers; but the evidence produced against him is almost entirely circumstantial, and before God I swear that my noble boy is innocent. I would gladly give my own life to be able to absolutely prove his innocence and to take the unearned stain from the name of Turner in this state."

He was called the pardoning governor, and his political enemies had made the most of the fact that already during his brief tenure of office he had robbed the gallows of four men who, under the law, had been condemned to death. A pardoning governor, yes; a merciful man, surely; a leader whose heart was as great as his mind—but was he allowing his brain and his heart to be ruled by a moral weakness? Was he going to pardon this man who had been sentenced by the judge to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, for the murder of one of the best-loved citizens of the state? He had only thirty minutes in which to decide.

He reviewed all the evidence in the case. Turner and his father were last seen together strolling through the woods, during the early autumn. The son came home alone, and an hour afterward his father's body was found, half-covered by leaves. A bullet had pierced his heart, causing instant death. The young man, Jim Turner, had returned home with a rifle which he and his father had taken with them into the woods. On the day previous to the murder, if murder it was, the young man had threatened to leave his home on account of a misunderstanding which had arisen between him and his father. That was all, but was it not enough? What further evidence was necessary to prove young Turner's guilt? And yet, why did he not leave the rifle by the side of his father's body in order that the coroner's jury might return a possible verdict of suicide? On the other hand, how could it have been suicide, when no weapon was found by the dead man? Who else could have committed the crime, if not his son? The elder Turner had not had an enemy in the country. He was a generous man, and one of the mildest and most forbearing. Could some one have shot him accidentally? This could not be, for the shot had been accurate. Surely it was premeditated. The bullet had entered the heart, passing entirely through that organ, and the clothing over the wound was powder-burned, therefore the shooting must have been at close range. Yet the young man had been seen and spoken to when he and his father had entered the woods—and he had returned with the rifle! And Turner was no fool. This was the puzzling part of the affair. Surely, or at least possibly, there was another explanation, if it could be found. However, the courts had given the accused man the benefit of every plausible doubt, and still he had been found guilty.

Suddenly the governor lifted his head and looked out through the window screen at the early rising moon. Did his eyes deceive him? What was this he saw? Across the great orb, extending above and below it, shone a brilliant cross, the emblem of Calvary, the sign of the death of one who had pardoned his crucifiers.

The governor was not superstitious. Again and again he looked in wonderment. The cross still shone clearly across the yellow moon.

"Mary," he called suddenly, and almost immediately his beautiful daughter stood in the doorway.

"Where have you been, child?"

"On the veranda, star-gazing, or rather moon-gazing. The moon is lovely tonight, don't you think?"

"Yes," said the governor, "it is beautiful."

"It never seemed so golden," she went on. "How soft and sweet the night is! Can't you come out a while with me, father?"

"In a few minutes, perhaps, dear—not just now. I only wished to know where you were. I had not seen you for such a long time, almost three hours."

Her rippling laughter floated back to him as she skipped from the room.

"She did not notice it," said the governor to himself. "It seems to be there only for me. What does it mean? Is it an optical illusion, I wonder? Why didn't Mary see it, too?"

The sign of the cross! What had it not meant to the world! It spelled redemption. The idea associated itself in his mind with the thoughts of the condemned man. Turner's innocence was conjectural, but absolute proof of his guilt had not been established. Was it not better to pardon a man, even though he might be guilty of the basest of crimes, than to send to his death an innocent man? Anyway, if he was guilty, he might yet atone in this world for his crime by a life of service to his fellow-men. If he did not, then the account must be settled between him and his maker at the final reckoning.

And still the cross shone down on him. It seemed to steal all the golden radiance of the moon to flash directly into his tired eyes. Suddenly he arose and walked quickly to the telephone.

"Hello, Central," he called feverishly. "Give me 2166, please. Hello, county jail? This is the governor. I wish to speak to Sheriff Harvey at once. Yes, yes. Hello, that you, sheriff? Yes, this is the governor. Yes, I want to speak of Jim Turner. Everything ready, you say? Have it all stopped now. Jim Turner does not die tonight. I'll be down in about an hour. Yes. All right, good-by."

The governor wiped the perspiration from his brow, drew a deep breath and walked back to his chair where he sat silently for a quarter of an hour, half-surprised at his own actions, yet regretting nothing.

"Pahdon me, suh, but Mistah Kress wants to see you, suh."

"Show him in, Charley."

A well-dressed man almost rushed into the room.

"Governor," he exclaimed, "I've just received a telephone message to the effect that a revolver with a note tied to the handle was found this morning in the Turner woods, in a small ditch, under a bunch of leaves. The note was written by old man Turner, who committed suicide. He was not murdered by Jim Turner, his son. The note spoke of heart trouble, and evidently the fear of death from the disease had driven the old man insane. It's too late, I know. It is nearly half-past 6 o'clock now. An innocent man had been hanged tonight."

"No innocent man has been hanged," calmly replied the governor. "I reprieved Jim Turner an hour ago."

The visitor gasped. His eyes opened widely, and he sprang across the room and grasped the governor's hand excitedly. For a few minutes the two men talked together. Then they both prepared to leave the room for the county jail.

"By the way, governor," said Kress, as they started out of the library, "did you ever notice from this room the strange effect produced by that screened window? I remember having noticed it when I built the house. See that big cross on the moon? I suppose it is the manner in which the wires on the screen are crossed that produces the effect. See, it makes a perfect cross. Isn't it peculiar?

"I noticed it," calmly said the governor. Then, as the full realization of what it meant to Jim Turner and his mother and to his own peace of mind, rushed over him, he added under his breath: "Thank God, I noticed it!"

KNOW "HOW NOT TO DO IT"

And That Is the Chief Reason Why Women Make Such Really Good After-Dinner Speakers.

It is always the plaint of every generation of diners that after-dinner speaking is on the decline. In this day and generation, however, the eternal feminine has come to the rescue. At recent dinners, where both men and women have spoken, it has been common comment that of the two the women were the better speakers.

One clever man, after a dinner in New York, where the women carried off all the post-prandial honors, explained it thus: "The women are not such egotists. Every man felt himself the star of the evening. So he insisted on talking for twenty minutes and more, till the whole table was weary of him. The women had sense. They got up, talked brilliantly for just five minutes and then sat down, leaving everybody anxious for more."

Age-long training tells. For generations the women in every normal family have sat and listened to the favorite stories of their fathers, brothers and husbands. They have learned the long, irrelevant preludes to an anecdote, the dreary delays and advances up to its point; the boresome, flat epilogues.

They have been told patronizingly that "no woman knows how to tell a good story." And, meanwhile, in their gracious, gentle role of audience they have laid to heart that precious knowledge "how not to do it." The result, while temporarily astonishing to man, makes woman smile—and understand.—Harper's Bazar.

However, Grocerymen Seldom Do.

A man walked into a South Side grocery store a few days ago and called for the proprietor, relates the Kansas City Star. The owner was busy at the time, but the man sat and waited patiently until he was through. Then the man introduced himself, but the groceryman did not recall the name and could not remember ever having seen him.

The stranger then explained that several years ago he had sold the store keeper a load of melons which had all the large ones placed on top. The grocer could not remember the incident, but the stranger was insistent and said he wanted to make retribution, as he had been converted and the matter had always bothered him. The conversation finally ended by the man paying the grocer a dollar.

As he walked out the storekeeper pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his brow, exclaiming:

"What in the world would I ever do if I got religion that bad?"

BETTY REPENTS

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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Betty had shown signs of rebellion since the moment the nurse had plunged her into her first small tub; at the age of ten she was pretty but self-willed; at eighteen she threatened to elope with a second-rate actor because she was refused a racing motor car. Arriving at twenty-one, beautiful and headstrong, Betty considered herself a very much abused person.

But with all her faults Betty was adorable and adored. Her parents loved her with a devotion that spoke well for her ultimate good; they knew that her perversity would one day melt before the light of reason. In many small instances Betty had already succumbed to their tactful methods, but in big things she was obdurate; she disliked giving in to the will of another.

The crisis came when Betty's parents flatly refused to let her take a trip to Paris with Mathilda Davis. Mathilda had a husband somewhere on the globe but she preferred to study painting in the Latin quarter to living in domestic bliss. So vividly had she painted the joys of student life to the untutored Betty that the latter felt life no longer possible without some of those joys. After trying every wile at her command in order to gain her parents' consent and failing, Betty defied parental authority and skipped off with Mathilda to Paris.

Before taking her leave Betty's father had looked long and steadily into his wayward daughter's half-shamed eyes.

"Remember!" he said with stern visage, "you are leaving my house for the last time. In accepting the chaperonage of that woman you are no longer a daughter of mine! We have given you every comfort in life, and now if you prefer to galavant through the streets of Paris with a woman of that caliber to living respectably with your parents you are at liberty to do so." Peter Girard turned from his daughter without so much as a second glance.

By force of will Betty swallowed the great lump in her throat. Had her father taken her in his arms she would probably never have sailed for Paris, but he did not and Betty's eyes flashed.

"Very well!" she cried back defiantly, "I will not come back!" And for fear lest the threatened tears fall Betty went hurriedly from her father's house and into the waiting village omnibus. Once inside its musty depths Betty had a good cry. Through her tears she could see her mother's calm, beautiful face when she had said, "I hope you are going to be happy in your new life, Betty."

And when the rumble of departing carriage wheels died away Peter Girard turned to his wife and there was a twinkle in his eyes. He took his wife in his arms.

"Cheer up, dear," he told her, "our daughter has merely gone on a trip of disillusionment and she will come flying back to her little mother and her daddy before another two moons have waned."

"Two months is a long time without Betty," smiled the mother.

If two months seemed long to her parents in Long Island, they proved endless to Betty in Paris.

She had enjoyed the ocean trip to the utmost. The newness of it all and the pleasure of meeting so many interesting persons cast out all homesickness for the time being. But try as she might to retard it, Betty felt herself drawing within her shell as far as Mathilda Davis was concerned. The intimacy brought about by sharing one cabin had not enhanced the woman's charm.

Betty had been led to expect that those persons on the boat who had seemed such good friends would prove the same on land. It would take a third or even fourth trip to convince Betty that the friendship of shipboard is only a passing fancy. So Betty met her first disillusionment. In Paris she saw two of the men who had been charmed by her presence on shipboard, but things were not the same and after a dinner at a cafe or an evening at the opera they, too, dropped out of her life. At the end of a fortnight Betty found herself a stranger in a strange land.

That she was paying the greater half of the expenses did not bother her, but the type of men who frequented their studio disgusted her. Betty found herself longing for big-clean-minded Tom Hillary, who thought all women pure and beautiful and sweet.

She realized that Paris and many things Parisian would have been beautiful to her had she not been so lonely. It stole over Betty's consciousness gradually that happiness did not come with having one's own way.

After a few weary days of trying for the first time in her twenty-one years to plan her own life, Betty decided to go to London, where she would at least be among her own people. It was a relief to walk along the London streets and find herself unmolested by dapper little men with black mustaches. No one looked at her upon the street and no one seemed even to notice her presence.

Betty's eyes grew wistful and her lips dropped at the corners. No one out of the thousands of human beings in the largest of all cities loved her. She was completely and absolutely alone.

With stubbornness greatly diminished in her nature and pliability augmented Betty walked thoughtfully past St. Paul's cathedral and down Cheapside.

As little things change the current of life, just so a little thing sent a rush of tears to Betty's eyes. It was the sight of four tiny typewriters in a window on Cheapside. Betty's father had bought her one of those very portable machines with the hope that she would develop a budding sense of posey in her nature.

"Daddy loves me and so does mamma," she told herself, "and I have been a selfish little cat! I am going down to the old Bow street church and think things out."

Betty walked on down toward the church whose bells had told Dick Whittington to turn back again toward London. "Perhaps I, too, can hear something in the bells," sighed Betty.

A sense of awe stole over her when she stood within the ancient, historic edifice and she slipped quietly into a pew. There was no one in the church and Betty was glad because she felt like crying. In an effort to divert her mind from the lump that was rising in her throat she glanced about at the wonderful windows, and as her eyes rested on the one above the altar the tears came unheeded.

The Virgin Mother was there with her Christ Child in her arms. Betty suddenly realized that since the time she herself had been a baby in arms her mother had guarded her from all trouble and care; had petted and loved her and now—

Betty slipped down to her knees on the worn hassock and buried her head in her arms. Her slight frame shook with the sobs she had been forcing back since the hour she had left her father's house.

A soft footfall sounded, but Betty scarcely heard, so deep was her repentance.

Tom Hillary stopped at sight of the weeping girl, then caught a surprised breath. He slipped an arm about her.

"Betty girl," was all he said, because his own voice was not quite steady. He had drawn her up until she stood beside him.

Her eyes clung to his in wonderment. Something deep and steady was glowing there and Tom Hillary knew his moment had come.

When he spoke the gladness in his voice brought the color to Betty's cheeks.

"I sailed from home the week after you left and have been ramming the streets of Paris looking for either you or Mathilda. Yesterday I gave up and crossed over to London." He looked down into her happy eyes. "When are you going to marry me? Nothing else matters."

Betty looked down at the little ring Tom had put on her finger when they were children, and smiled. After a moment she said shyly, "Just as soon as I have sent a cable home saying 'Betty repents.'"

REWARD OR PUNISH THE GODS

Chinese System That Has Merit, Though Somewhat Humiliating to the Deities.

The Peking Gazette publicly commends and compliments the state gods when the sovereign or regent is satisfied that they have done their full duty toward Chinamen. When some particular god distinguishes himself by an extraordinary service his rank among the gods is raised by imperial command.

Once the God of War was increased in importance by reason of the great armaments which the government undertook to support, and after he had shown his benevolence by allowing the imperial troops to defeat a body of rebels he was metaphorically patted on the back and raised to the same rank as Confucius, who had hitherto held the first place in the state Pantheon.

The following is an interesting announcement that appeared in the Gazette;

"The governor general of the Yellow river requests that a tablet be put up to the River God. During the transmission of relief rice to Honan, whatever difficulties were encountered through shallows, wind and rain, the River God interposed in the most unmistakable manner, so that the transport of grain went on without hindrance.

"Order—Let the proper officer prepare a tablet for the temple of the River God."

"A memorial tablet," announces another issue of the Gazette, "is granted to two temples in honor of the God of the Locusts. On the last appearance of locusts last summer prayers were offered to this deity with marked success."

Brown-Haired Pygmies.

Their frizzly hair is not black, as is that of their neighbors of the coast, the Papuan and Melanesian negroes, but is predominantly brown. On this feature Mr. Williamson lays a good deal of stress, because he finds the same tinge to be characteristic of other pygmy peoples, such as the Andamanese, the Semang of the Malay Peninsula and the Aetas of the Philippines. Anthropologists have hitherto been divided over the question whether these dwarf peoples represent a distinct branch of the negroids, or merely stand for so many sporadic failures on the part of the negro stock to display its full power of physical development. Our author plausibly argues that, if further observations bear out his contention that amongst pygmies generally a dwarf stature goes together with brown hair, we must concede to them the status of a separate type on the strength of this double variation.—London Athenaeum.

Discharging Mary Drake

By JANE OSBORNE

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Mary Drake, the pretty stenographer at Billington's, was kneeling before the filing cabinet in the outer office. Old Grenoble paced back and forth through the offices clutching his long, white hands in restrained annoyance. Never, in all the course of 30 years' experience as prime minister to the great steel king, Billington, had the wheels of the office machinery played such a trick, and now a mere slip of a ten-dollar-a-week girl had tied up a big deal involving tens of thousands of dollars by misfiling an important letter.

Grenoble came back to the outer office and stood behind the pretty stenographer. She was such a defenseless, well meaning little thing, and now she turned around and looked at him so squarely and unflinchingly as she admitted that the letter was still missing that Grenoble was speechless.

The fact was that Mary Drake's simple, childlike frankness and prettiness had once more disarmed old Grenoble. The little stenographer's smile had proved again to be her surest means of self-defense.

Still she searched with unruffled serenity through the files, and still Grenoble stood torn between real anger and compassion.

"I do wish I could find that letter," the girl murmured in a conversational tone.

At this moment Tom Wayne, Grenoble's clever young assistant, came into the office and his eyes fell from force of the habit that he had been acquiring for the last few weeks on the figure of the pretty stenographer. Then he saw Grenoble, pale and struggling with suppressed irritation, and he knew that something had gone wrong.

Miss Drake was the first to break the silence.

"Please, Mr. Wayne," she said appealingly, without looking at him, "can't you think where I might have put that order from Smith's. You see Mr. Grenoble wants to have it right away and it will take all the afternoon for me to look in every folder in this cabinet. It isn't where it ought to be and I can't think where I could have put it."

Of course, the letter was found. Tom Wayne himself helped the girl look through the files for it. It had been misfiled—Miss Drake's fault, of course—and even Mr. Wayne realized then that Miss Drake would have to leave, for this error, and several others which had not been of so great moment, only went to prove that the little woman was as useless on the files as she had been at typewriting, or stenography, or at the office telephone switchboard, where, after a week, she had proved herself incapable of mastering the mechanism of the wires and plugs.

"See here, Wayne," Grenoble said to his young assistant that afternoon when they had finished discussing the important business of the day, "you will have to discharge that Miss Drake. I have tried a half dozen times and somehow she doesn't seem to understand. The first time I told her to go she was so nice about it that I promised to let her try another week. Then when I told her that she had shown no improvement she pleaded so earnestly to stay that I turned the telephone boy into an office boy and gave her a try at the telephone, but you know how impossible she was there. Then it was on the files and she has failed. I have tried again to discharge her but I don't believe she quite understood me. To tell you the truth, Wayne, she is so near the age of my own daughters that I haven't the heart to tell her brutally to go. But I think it would be easy enough for you. Mr. Billington will be back in a day or so and he would never stand for any one like Miss Drake."

True, indeed, thought Wayne. Mary Drake would have to leave before Billington's return. One of the secrets of the great financier's success was his ability to choose his employes. Now for the first time since he had been in business he had consented to go away and had sailed for Europe for a few months of rest. Before he had gone he had suggested that a new stenographer be employed to lighten the tasks of the hardworking women in the office during the summer months. Miss Drake was the result of the suggestion—she had come from the employment agency the day after Billington left, and for the first time in history an employe of Billington's was chosen without his personal interview. Surely, thought Tom Wayne, for the good of Miss Drake she would have to be discharged before Billington's return.

It was with thoughts of the cool, deliberate manner of the great chief Billington that Tom Wayne came into the outer office that night intent on discharging Mary Drake. He walked deliberately toward her—trying not to look at her face for fear of catching one of her disarming smiles. He drew a chair beside her desk where she sat working on the files, and explained to her in a low monotone that her services on the files had proved worse than useless.

"You may as well go home at once," he said. "There will be no more to do."

"I know that I have failed," said Mary, looking at him out of those frank blue eyes, "and I am sorry."

"I am sorry, too," said Tom, forced to look at her, but he dared say no more. He had discharged her and that was the end of it. Then he sat watching her as she went to the wardrobe to get her wraps, and followed every motion as she adjusted her hat and drew on her little brown gloves. He said nothing and only smiled as she said good night to him and slipped out of the door.

That night Tom suffered mental torments—remorse, pity and longing—remorse, as he thought of the cruelty of his short, abrupt dismissal of the poor girl; pity as he thought of the possible want that awaited her, and longing—that was the worst of it. A selfish longing gripped at his heart, a hunger for one more glimpse of that frank, pretty smile.

The next day Tom Wayne came to the office with a heavy heart, but to his great surprise there was Mary Drake, her hat off, carefully opening and sorting the mail. Why had she come back? What would Grenoble say? What would the great Billington do under the circumstances?

Just then Mary smiled and said—still opening the mail—"I can open the letters and sort the mail, anyway."

Tom forgot all about Billington. "I want to have a talk with you, Miss Drake," he said. "I will start out with you tonight when you go. I can't talk easily in this office."

Somehow Tom thought that it would be easier to make Mary understand away from the office that she would have to leave, but before the evening came he had decided to settle the problem of discharging Mary Drake in a way that made him long with all his being for five o'clock to come. It was strange, he thought to himself, that he had not thought of this solution before.

That night when Mary Drake walked from the office with Tom Wayne through the busy crowded streets he told her the secret of his love, and as he told it she looked into his eyes with such a spirit of confidence and companionship that Tom wondered why he had hesitated to love her simply because she was an inefficient little working girl.

"Mr. Billington landed this afternoon, and will be at the office the first thing in the morning," he told her, "so you had better not turn up there again. It won't be so hard, having to leave now, will it, little girl? Everything I have is yours, now, and you must not worry about the salary. We will talk that over later."

As they walked Tom noticed that they were still walking up the brightly lighted thoroughfare, and when he asked to see her home Mary protested.

"Don't be ashamed, little girl," he said. "Come, I insist."

"Come, then," said Mary, and led the way past the business section to the brilliantly lighted fashionable residential section. Tom fairly gasped as she led the way up the wide brownstone steps of Billington's house.

"I am not Mary Drake," he heard the girl at his side saying as they stood before the front door. "I am Vivian Billington. I have been playing the part of a spy," she went on. "You know how father hated to leave his office even for a day, and this summer when he needed a rest so very much I hit on this plan. I knew he didn't like to leave because he thought things would go wrong while he was away. One day he said he would go if he had a son to leave in his office while he was away to watch things and let him know just what was doing—keep him constantly posted by wireless and cablegram and letter as only one of his own family could do.

"I told him I would take the place of a son—so he had me sent through the agency and, as you know, I didn't know the first thing about anything, but I did know enough to keep my eyes open and to stick to my job, even when you and old Grenoble tried to discharge me. I think I might have done my work better if I had not had to spend so much time when you were not around keeping the run of the business to let father know what you were doing."

"Then it has all been a game," Tom Wayne began, as he studied the girl's face. "You have been using us—you have been imposing on our sympathy and now your father is home you are through with us? You have been very clever, Miss Billington, and I congratulate you sincerely."

"Why, Tom," Vivian's two small hands were held out before her. "Tom, dear, it has all been a game but this, and this is the realest thing in the whole world."

Norway Turning to Wagner.

"One of the last European countries to accept Richard Wagner," says a letter from Christiania, "is Norway. To foreign ears it seems queer that, despite its high culture, this country has never become acquainted with the works of the great German master. The cause is known full well to us Norwegians. We have only one large theater in the realm, the National, in this city. There we have had occasional opera seasons of a few nights, at which never more than two operas were performed. We had a season of 'Aida' and one of 'Carmen,' and now we look forward to six performances of 'Lohengrin,' and Norway will have joined the Wagner ranks."

Explained.

"I wonder," said Ascum, "what is the meaning of this 'class hatred' so many orators spout about nowadays."

"Ain't you wise to that?" exclaimed Spoarty. "That's the feelin' that two pugilists in the same class has for each other."

Fateful Miss Douglas

By Fanny Burton

Mrs Ransom surveyed her tall brother while he returned the scrutiny with smiling cheerfulness John MacPherson was enjoying to the utmost his little visit to his sister, whom he had not seen since her marriage a couple of years previous, so he did not in the least understand why she should sigh and remark seriously, "It's too bad, yes, it is!"

"What?" he asked, lazily.

"Why, that you got here just the day after Isabel Douglas left town," responded pretty little Mrs Ransom. "She's the dearest girl! She's—"

"Lives in Kentucky, beautiful as a dream, glorious brown eyes, most charming disposition on earth, is—"

"Where'd you meet her?" broke in Mrs. Ransom, breathlessly.

"I never had the pleasure," laughed her brother. "Only I had to sit one whole evening during my visit in Toledo and hear my hostess recount the charms of this most evasive Isabel She had left there just the week before my arrival. I seem to cast a blighting shadow over her enjoyment; at any rate, she runs at my approach."

"Now, isn't that queer?" said his sister. "But, really, John, I'm in earnest about wanting you to know her

"So was my Toledo hostess," he answered, amusedly 'If only the lady and I were of a similar mind and as much in earnest, nothing on earth could save us from wedding cake and rice But we aren't, thank the fates,' he cried rather fervently.

At the age of 35, John MacPherson, comfortable in his bachelor quarters in New York, wealthy enough to indulge any whim, looked with quiet and polite pity at the unfortunates he knew tied down to domestic cares. He had fully decided he wanted none of that for him—what happiness he might miss was more than compensated for in peace and quiet and freedom

"You're wrong, Jack," said his sister, rather wistfully. "Aren't you ever going to abandon your crazy notions and marry some nice girl and settle down?"

He threw out his hands in mock dismay as he got to his feet. "I'm the most settled down person you ever saw, Nan,' he protested "I'm as steady as a railway time table and perfectly contented just as I am I could attend the wedding of some other fellow to your amiable Isabel without a qualm."

"No, you couldn't!" said his sister forcibly. "You've never seen her!"

But if he had not seen her the fame of Miss Isabel Douglas was destined to haunt his ears. During his visit at his sister's he heard Miss Douglas' name so frequently on the lips of visitors that he grew half irritated It was impossible that any girl should be such a paragon—and if she was he had no desire to know her.

Such perfection would be tiresome, he concluded, and so he dismissed her from his mind

When he reached Chicago on his homeward way he stopped to transact some business. Phillips, his lawyer, was most cordial in pressing his New York client to come out to his house, and MacPherson was half inclined to accept His frame of mind experienced an instantaneous change, however, when Phillips added.

"We've a visitor coming tomorrow you'd like to meet, I know—Miss Isabel Douglas of Kentucky. She—"

"Sorry,' said Mr MacPherson, decidedly, 'but I can't wait over a day on any account, my dear man." At that moment he would have gone a hundred miles out of his way to escape meeting this southern paragon.

He did not stop to reflect she undoubtedly had not the slightest desire of meeting him, either—the constant sound of her name and the rehearsal of her attractions had molded itself into a haunting shadow, pursuing him, and he actually disliked the very thought of her. He wondered crossly why she never stayed home where she belonged Then he went back to New York.

Strangely enough, even there he was not left in peace One of the newspapers printed a page of pictures and gossip about beautiful women, and, idly glancing it over, the name of Douglas caught his eye He groaned as he looked closer—yes, the first name was Isabel Then he searched for the picture of her and stared at it half indignantly It was a very lovely face, more than that, it was high bred and thoughtful, as well as perfect in line and form.

But John MacPherson had seen too many beautiful women to be especially attracted by any one in particular. He wondered idly what there could be about this particular girl which so hypnotized her friends and acquaintances In a few weeks she had passed out of his mind entirely.

But John MacPherson was not to slip out of the clutches of determined fate in this easy fashion. With no warning whatever, no premonition of the trap before him, he climbed the steps of a Fifth avenue house one night to fulfill a dinner engagement.

His hostess was a charming woman, and her dinners were famous. He was in a very pleasant frame of mind As he opened the little envelope containing the name of his dinner partner he exclaimed so sharply that the well trained footman could not forbear a glance of astonishment. On the card was the name of Isabel Douglas.

MacPherson, instantly in revolt, meditated flight for an instant, then realized how impossible that was, and that there was nothing to do but go downstairs and meet her Never in his life had he entertained such a violent prejudice for any woman's society as he now felt for hers. He was entirely blind to her innocence of the manner in which her name had been rung in his ears till he hated the sound of it. At any rate, she should not add him to the list of victims report said strewed her path.

He entered the big drawing room and greeted his hostess.

"I've favored you tonight," that lady said, smiling 'I've given you the prettiest and nicest girl here to take out to dinner Do you know Miss Douglas of Kentucky?"

"I do not," said the hapless John MacPherson, crispily, and mentally set his teeth. In two minutes it was all over and he was properly introduced to her. Just what he had expected Miss Douglas to do was hard to say—he had braced himself for resistance. But to his bewilderment, like a dash of cold water in his face, he realized there was absolutely nothing to resist.

Miss Douglas, far lovelier than her picture, had given him one rare, cordial smile which revealed the secret of her power, for it was a smile speaking a sympathetic interest in the individual addressed, and then had not paid very much more attention to him, being interested in the conversation of a returned arctic explorer.

MacPherson studied her at his leisure and as the moments passed found himself grasping wildly at all his ingrained prejudices against her He had wit enough to reflect in a panic-stricken way that if the mere sight of her was so disarming, acquaintance with her might work marvelous changes in a man's feelings. When they passed out to the dining room MacPherson found himself halting for something to say, a new experience for him

The girl herself broke the ice by remarking that she thought she knew his sister—was not Nan Ransom out west that relative? She had mentioned her brother so often.

By the end of that dinner John MacPherson was miserable, apologetic, at sea. He did not know why he should be so upset. All he realized was that he had a desire to explain to Miss Douglas how sorry he was for disliking her before he had met her

"She certainly got in her special brand of hypnotic work on me, all right," he told his reflection grimly that night as he took off his cravat before the mirror "But, then, she's an exception!"

John MacPherson was a man who went out after what he wanted when he got his mind made up. He never really made up his mind about Isabel Douglas, however—that is, deliberately He did not have time. It was a fatal attack from the very first sight of her. And when he asked her to marry him, after she had been in New York two weeks only, and she very properly protested at his haste, it plunged him into despair so deep that he made life unbearable for his servants.

But Miss Douglas knew her own heart, too, after several years of experience in refusing numerous suitors, and she did not keep the man she found she really cared for waiting too long before she promised to marry him.

"I don't understand it in the least," she laughed, blushing and shaking her head when she had said yes

"Neither do I," agreed John MacPherson promptly "And I intend to marry you as soon as I wheedle you into naming the day, for fear you'll change your mind"

Then he telegraphed his sister out west, who knew nothing of what had been going on in New York. Mrs. Ransom laughed and cried alternately when she got the laconic message. It said.

"I have at last met Isabel. You can buy your gown to wear to the wedding"

THINGS WE OUGHT TO SAVE

Wastefulness and Indifference of Americans Cause Them to Miss Many Opportunities.

Each year we fill the Merrimac river with wool grease, making it a stench, while the towns along its course buy soap and fertilizer and lubricants from Chicago, Chili and Pennsylvania. We burn coal tar in Massachusetts and import coal-tar colors at high prices from Germany.

Over the great northwest we burn each year 5,000,000 tons of flax straw, while we pay $40 a ton for imported paper stock from Norway In the south 300,000 tons of paper fiber of the highest grade are burned with the cottonseed hulls to which it is attached or used with them to adulterate cattle feed.

Cornstalks to an incalculable tonnage rot or are burned each year, while chemistry stands ready to convert them into feed containing 20 per cent. of sugars on the dry basis, or into alcohol for light and power Waste molasses is sold for three cents a gallon or dumped into the stream, while alcohol sells for 40 cents a gallon. Skim milk is fed to hogs or thrown away, because no one has the enterprise to extract its casein, which is worth more than beefsteak for food

In the face of such conditions we still meet young men who would inform us that the day of opportunity is past. The truth is that opportunity is knocking not once but insistently and long at every entrance to the chemist's laboratory.

Caxton, Life Guard

By Jane Gahan

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"Why don't you call her if you want her?" Wally asked, digging a fresh tunnel in the wet sand where the life guard's heel had smashed through. "Don't call Miss Ashton. Call her first name."

Caxton smiled moodily down at the little chubby figure lying flat on the sand.

"I don't know her first name, Wally."

"First name's Dorothy. That's what mother calls her. Kenneth does, too, when she isn't around."

"Who's Kenneth?"

"My big brother. Maybe she's gone with him some place This was an afterthought. Wally sat up to consider it, and swept the curving shore line with his calm glance. Back of the pine fringe above the beach the great hotel nestled between tall bluffs Stretching from it like arms were shore front cottages a mile in each direction. It was late afternoon. The air seemed heavy and tense. The sea lay with hardly a ripple, dull gray, with long saffron high lights from the low storm clouds.

"You had better run up to the cottage, kiddie," Caxton advised "There's a thunder storm on its way."

"I don't want to yet," coaxed Wally, "I've got to finish this roller coaster. If there's a storm will you have to swim after any people?"

"If there are any foolish enough to stay out," Caxton returned.

Wally stared up at the tall, tanned figure in the red and gray swimming suit. There was no one else at the beach that summer he admired so intensely as the life guard Miss Ashton liked him, too They had talked it over between them often, and agreed that he was a real hero, and every morning Wally would watch for him to come along the long stretch of beautiful firm silvery sand on his coast patrol duty

One morning he had waded in too far after stray shells and strands of sea weed. Caxton came on a run and gripped the drenched little figure securely and bore it back to its governess A white faced, girlish governess she was, too Clad in white from toe to throat, she had run down into the water after her charge, and Wally had sobbed so, there had been no chance then to talk. But he had remembered her, and watched every morning for the two

She was Miss Ashton, governess to Walter Devereux's boy. That much he found out easily The Devereux cottage was most imposing Wally was the youngest hope, and tall Kenneth, fresh home from his last college year was the eldest. And the cottage was to be closed in two days, Wally had told them, when the family left for a Canadian trip That meant she would go out of his life forever

He had tried to get a chance to speak to her alone for the past three days, but young Devereux was her shadow. And now, suddenly, while he was giving up his last hope, she came hurrying down the path from the bluff.

"We forgot the camera," and left it way up on the hill I had to go back after it," she told him.

'We thought you had run away with Kenneth," Wally informed her gravely.

"Kenneth is out on the bay, dear, in his knockabout."

"He'd better come in then." Caxton checked himself. If the cub was idiotic enough to venture out under such a gale what was it to him? He bent over her and spoke half roughly. "Can't you send the boy in and give me half a chance?"

"For what?"

"To tell you what I want to. It's my last chance. Here, Wally, listen, if you'll run up to the cottage, and stay there on the veranda until Miss Ashton comes, I'll make you a life boat."

"With life savers all sitting in it, rowing?"

"Run along, dear, I won't be long," Dorothy whispered She watched the little figure stalk slowly up the broadwalk to the cottage, and turned her face up to Caxton. "Now, what is it?"

Caxton's eyes were half closed. He saw the knockabout half way down the little bay, its two sails sagging in the hot calm The squall might come beating up any minute. He turned to the girl.

'Nothing much after all," he said bitterly 'I thought I had a great deal to tell you, but I hardly think it is worth while. Not if Devereux's after you"

Her clear, gray eyes met his, then fairly defiantly.

"You have a splendid opinion of my judgment, haven't you?"

He shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Life's life. I'm the volunteer coast guard here this year. Devereux's the best catch in the summer crowd. There isn't much choice, is there?"

The color rose hotly in her face. "I wonder if you imagine you are making love to me?" she said very slowly "You may be an excellent life guard, Mr Caxton, but you do not know the very first rules of this other game When one truly loves, he first places all trust and honor in the keeping of the one he loves. I think you are a terrible coward at this"

"Dorothy——"

"How did you know that was my name?" haughtily

"Wally told me so It is a darling name, too Dorothy, will you——"

The words were drowned in the rush of wind and swirl of sand that swept about them in a wild midsummer fury. He held her close in his arms, as the first patter of rain fell, and the lightning gashed great glittering rents in the low-hanging sulphurous clouds.

"I must go to Wally!" she exclaimed. "Let me go I can make my way alone. Please—please let me go!"

"I won't. I'll carry you up to the cottage."

"Oh, but look there!" He swung about as she pointed. Through the darkening gloom, he saw the knockabout had turned turtle. Devereux was a good swimmer, he knew. It would be play to him to beat it in on those waves, but there was no sign of him. Dorothy's hand had clasped his shoulder in a quick grip of dread. The wind whipped her fair hair about her face, and she shrank close to him.

"Kenneth has gone down," she cried. "Why don't you, do something? Why on earth do you wait here with me?"

He smiled down at her grimly. "I'll get him, dear," he promised.

The next instant she stood there alone, barely able to keep her footing against the full fury of the gale that beat down at her from the sea.

Caxton was racing full tilt down the landing pier, she saw. The knockabout was drifting in with every wave, nearer and nearer. There was no sign of Devereux. Somehow, she made her way up to the cottage. His mother was there, kneeling by the veranda railing, her arms around Wally, her face hidden on his curly. Already the alarm had spread, and people were running down from the hotel and the cottages. She heard some one say they were putting the lifeboat out after both of them.

It seemed a lifetime to Dorothy, standing beside the sobbing, half-fainting mother, soothing her, and quieting Wally. It was too dark to see a hundred yards from the cottage The air seemed filled with hurtling limbs of trees, and leaves Above the roar of the wind she could catch the shouts of the men, and finally she knew they were bringing back the two, Devereux and Caxton, the life guard. One was unconscious, they said.

"And I sent him," she told herself over and over.

Then, suddenly, leading the line of men, there tramped up the broad steps Devereux, drenched to the skin in his white yachting suit, and thinking only of his mother.

"I'd have gone under if Caxton hadn't gripped me," he told them. "When she turned turtle I was caught in the rigging and couldn't free myself. He dived under and set me free, and was struck on the head in rising Then I brought him in until the boat met us"

Dorothy's eyes were closed as she listened. And she had called him a coward!

That evening after Wally had slipped away to dreamland, she stole down the stairs and out into the stillness of the night. It was beautifully peaceful and fresh after the storm. The full moon rode high above scattered shreds of clouds, and the sea broke in long, low waves on the beach below.

Caxton and Devereux smoked together in the low steamer chairs in one corner of the veranda. Devereux rose at her approach.

'Bob's been telling me a lot of things, Miss Ashton," he said simply, extending his hand to her. "I'm sorry I've been such a cub as to even hope I stood any show. He's a great old boy. We two were mates at college. He was the greatest captain New London ever saw at the races, the finest chap that ever bossed a crew. I am just going up to mother. Good night." He leaned over Caxton's shoulder and added: "And good luck."

Dorothy was silent. His hand reached toward her and she slipped her own into its grasp.

"But I called you a coward."

He kissed her more than once before he answered.

"You called me a coward—at this," he corrected "As I was about to say when the infernal storm broke, will you marry me, Dorothy?"

Legend of Saint Dymphna.

Some 1,300 years ago, so runs the tale, the beautiful daughter of a heathen king of Ireland fled from her father's court and, crossing the seas, took refuge at Gheel. Dymphna had been converted to Christianity by the teaching of a monk named Gerebern, and it was under his protection that she sought deliverance from her unnatural father who strove to force upon her an incestuous union. The infuriated king followed the fugitives and discovered their retreat. Gerebern was cruelly put to death by the savage soldiery, and the king himself, regardless of his daughter's pleading for mercy, seized her long hair, and with one blow cut off her head; then, without waiting to give his victims burial, he returned to Ireland. After a time, it began to be rumored that strange miracles of healing from sickness and disease were wrought on the scene of this horrible crime; and, curiously enough, it was those afflicted mentally who derived especial benefit The spot came to be considered holy ground, and soon a church was built, and dedicated to Saint Dymphna, within which the bones of the martyrs were laid to rest in a vault prepared for their reception beneath the high altar.—Alice Isaacson, in Atlantic.

MEDICAL VALUE OF SPICES

They Arouse the Appetite and Promote the Secretion of the Gastric Juice.

The spices are a very interesting group of substances; they are the foundation of a considerable industry, they have their medical uses and finally are of special importance in dietetics

Their value resides in their richness in aromatic substances and essential oils; strictly speaking, they are not foods, but often enough they are essential elements in the diet. Spices have been the subject of classic research, as, for example, in the clover and important investigation which Pawlow undertook as to the psychic influences of food and as to the value of zest in nutrition.

Spices were shown to arouse appetite and to promote the secretion of the gastric juice, and the role they play therefore in dietetics is a very important one. The medicinal action of some of them is further of value. Allspice, for example, is used as an aromatic and has been successfully administered for flatulency or for overcoming griping due to purgatives, and occasionally it is reported that the oil gives relief in rheumatism and neuralgia.

The medical uses of cinnamon are well known Cardamoms are used in the form of a tincture as aromatic and stomachic and they are also employed as a flavoring agent in curry powder, cakes and liqueurs. The applications of capsicum and the peppers generally are well known Cloves are aromatic, carminative and stimulant and have been used in dyspepsia, gastric irritation and in cases of vomiting in pregnancy.

Oil of cloves is also a popular remedy for toothache. It has also its uses in microscopy as a preservative and for clearing sections. The uses of nutmeg are wide, vanilla has an enormous application as a flavoring patchouli on account of its bright yellow color and pleasant musky flavor.—Lancet.

DRESS AND ITS PSYCHOLOGY

We Are Prone to Judge by Externals, Declares Harrison Fisher, the Famous Artist.

We are all of us prone to judge by externals, our early training in copybook maxims notwithstanding, says Harrison Fisher in Dress

Emeline may have a lovely disposition but that cannot hide the fact that there are knots in her shoestrings, and though Beatrice sings like an angel, her gown fastens most unfidily. Emeline's friends might be almost as sweet tempered as she is if her boots were not enough to make them cross No less would the songs of Beatrice stir more hearts without the distractions of gaping hooks and missing buttons Externals do count, however broad we may think our views to be

It is a common observation that a man gets an impression of a thing as a whole If he notices any detail, it is apt to be a sign that something is wrong Carelessness, however, in the dress of either men or women, is usually betrayed by details

Suppose that we ourselves have so far developed our minds and sensibilities that we form our opinions by what is, and not by what seems, are we not in constant embarrassment explaining our careless friends to others who are less condoning? It is a very human failing to wish our friends to appear well, a kind of vanity, if you like, in proving the excellence of our own taste There is no law requiring us to placard our qualities to open view How can our fellow mortals get any idea of us at the start of acquaintance except by the eye?

Cannibal Fishes and Humane People.

While as a measure of economy the great majority of all the fishes and other creatures at the Aquarium are fed on dead food, such as cut up fish, or as in the case of some of the larger ones, small dead fish whole, there are some fishes which if they are to be kept alive or in condition must have live food such as they would find in nature

In their free state all fishes are cannibals This is the way of nature But among the visitors at the Aquarium there are people who consider the placing of live little fishes in the tanks to be devoured by bigger fish as cruel and in deference to this feeling the fishes that must be supplied with live food are fed before the Aquarium is opened in the morning and after it is closed at night.

Getting It All.

The doctor told him he needed carbohydrates, proteids, and, above all, something nitrogenous The doctor mentioned a long list of foods for him to eat. He staggered out and waddled into a Penn avenue restaurant.

"How about beefsteak?" he asked the waiter. "Is that nitrogenous?"

The waiter didn't know.

"Are fried potatoes rich in carbohydrates or not?"

The waiter couldn't say.

"Well, I'll fix it,' declared the poor man in despair. "Bring me a large plate of hash"—Pittsburg Post.

Not in the Contract.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?'

"Not unless I can get a rebate from my lawyer, judge; I have paid him good money to talk for me, and I won't do his work for nothing."

Baseball Language.

Baseball language like West Point French, is something different. Like all successful literature, it embodies the attempt of the intellect to surmount obstacles In poetry the obstacle is rhyme and rhythm; in drama it is the "unities," the principle of suspended interest, the need to tell a complete story in less than three hours In baseball writing the obstacle is the fact that there are only two things in the game, batting and fielding; that in each of the two big leagues there are about 150 games to be reported, one very like another, and that the sapience of "fandom" is such that its members by scanning the scoring tables can visualize a game as completely as the broker can visualize a scene on 'change from his ticker.

The problem of the sporting column is to tell the reader something he cannot get from the score, and so to report day after day for six months the interplay of batting and fielding, that one day's story shall be unlike another's. Hence the flights of fancy which turn a ball into a "pill," a pitcher's arm into a "salary whip" and his "fast one" into his "smoke." Hence the conception of an emergency pitcher as at once "the wrecking crew" and old "Doc Crandall."

Repudiated the Idea.

Old John, the gardener, had been drinking again, and when he became sober Mr. Brown called him down. "This won't do, John," said he "As I have told you before, I will not have a man in my employ who drinks"

'Oh, sure, 'twas but a mite of a dhrop I was afther takin', Mr Brown, an' I was niver to say dhrunk at anny time in me loife"

"John," said Mr Brown sternly, "you are a hypocrite"

"A Dimycrat, is it?" flashed John indignantly. 'Well, sir, not to be put-tin' too foine a p'int on, I've heard say ye was a Dimycrat yerself!"

Rural Financier.

Boggs had managed to ditch his car, and after hailing a passing farmer tried to arrange a dicker for help

"Why, ya-as, brother," said the farmer, bringing his team to a standstill. "I'll help ye out Le's see what it'll come to—one day's use o' the team, $5—"

"One day?" retorted Boggs. "'Tisn't going to take you a day to haul that machine out, is it?"

"Why no," returned the farmer, "but arter I git the $5 I don't callate to do no more work outil to-morrer."—Harper's Weekly

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

BURDICK'S INSURANCE OFFICE
Burdick's Music Store
Successors to
C. A. BURDICK,
Fire, Tornado, Automobile, Liability, Life and accident insurance
Companies and service the best.
Complete Line of Pianos and Musical Instruments and Sheet Music
See the FREE sewing machine
Call, Phone or Wride
SIDNEY A. BURDICK,
Manager.

Do Not Forget
STRONG
when you need those new
MANTLES AND GLOBES
after housecleaning.
I carry everything in that line at all prices.
E. W. STRONG

WAS JUST LIKE A WOMAN

One "Jiggled the Scales" and the Other Failed to Deduct Her "Wet Hair."

They met, duly sheeted, at the Turkish bath scales, and the thin woman drew back in horror.

"Let's make a compact," she suggested. "Don't you look at the scales when I'm weighed and I won't look while you're weighed. Because it's pretty certain that I've lost and you've gained."

"All right," said the stout woman, with resignation, "but it doesn't really matter, because we'll be sure to tell each other anyway while we're at luncheon. Eating together, if you notice, is almost as destructive to feminine secrecy as spending the night together—haven't you told things you'd vowed not to, hundreds and hundreds of times, just as soon as you and the other woman had your back hair down? And, even if we don't tell each other today the attendants will tell us next time. So let's not look at the scales, if you like, but let's promise to be honest if we say anything at all."

"All right," agreed the thin woman, blinding her eyes, child fashion while the other stepped to the platform. Then the stout woman conscientiously regarded the ceiling while the thin woman took her turn.

"One hundred and twelve pounds!" proudly proclaimed the thin woman at luncheon.

"One hundred and seventy!" countered the stout woman. The two exchanged keen and dubious glances.

"Honest?" they said in unison.

"Well," admitted the thin woman, blushing. "I—I did jiggle the scales a little, because I remembered that my chest wasn't as big as yours and I felt that I ought to be allowed something on that account. How about yourself, since you're so mighty particular?"

The stout woman colored.

"Well, I—I forgot to have the attendant hold up my hair while I was weighed," she admitted, "and you know wet hair weighs awful heavy. So I—I took off a couple of pounds for that."

A Huge Earth Dam.

The big Belle Fourche irrigation dam in South Dakota, which is the largest earth embankment in the world, is nearing completion. Construction of the project was authorized by congress on May 10, 1904, at a cost of $5,000,000.

From an engineering standpoint the Belle Fourche project is one of the most interesting which the government has yet undertaken. Its principal structure is the earthen dam. This wonderful dike, which closes the lowest depressions in the rim of a natural basin, is 6,200 feet long, 30 feet wide on top and 115 high in the highest place.

The inside face of this structure, which has a slope of two to one, will be protected from wave and ice action by two feet of screened gravel, on which will be placed concrete blocks, each 4 by 6 feet and 8 inches thick. The cubical contents of this dike will be 42,700,000 cubic feet, or about half of the famous pyramid of Cheops. The reservoir created by this dam will cover about 9,000 acres, and will be the largest lake in the state.—Popular Mechanics.

An Honor to Allison.

"Do you know," inquired Wilbur Reaser, the New York portrait painter, "that when my painting of Senator Allison was hung in the lobby of the senate, the precedent of 40 years was broken?"

Surprised being expressed Mr. Reaser explained.

"It is a fact that since the beginning of the constitutional government the senate had bought only nine portraits for the lobby. The first was Washington's and the eighth was Charles Sumner's. For almost 40 years nobody was considered worthy to follow in the distinguished line.

"It was generally thought that no other portrait would ever be added to the group; but when Senator Allison died, after serving longer in the senate than any other man in the history of the government, the rule was broken, and his picture became the ninth."—Washington Times.

Resourceful.

"Every man can find work if he uses his brains," said Andrew Carnegie, in an after-dinner address in New York. "If there are no more openings in oil and sugar, rubber should be turned to, and if the automobile trade grows crowded, then there will probably be openings in the aeroplane line.

"We should all be like the piano tuner I once met out west.

"'Why,' I said to him—for we were in a wild, unsettled country—'surely piano tuning can't be very lucrative here. I shouldn't imagine that pianos were very plentiful in this region.'

"'No, sir, they're not,' said the piano tuner, 'but I make a pretty fair income by tightening up barbed wire fences.'"

A Wise Mayor.

Mayor Crump, at a Democratic banquet in Memphis, said of a political turncoat:

"He is as inconsistent in politics as man is in love.

"Man's inconstancy in love is, you know, proverbial. The average man, as soon as he wins a woman, tires of her. The advice I'd give to every girl is this:

"'There is only one way to keep a man's love, and that is never to return it.'"

A BROKEN LIFE-PRESERVER

Homer Davenport Tells About His Experience in Learning to Skate on Rollers.

When Mr. Homer Davenport was a boy roller skating reached Silverton. In his book, "The Country Boy," he tells of his plan to learn without getting hurt, as he thought falling about the skating rink was no joke. He borrowed a pair of overalls of the stoutest man in the village, and a long pillow from his mother's bed, and believed the game as good as won when he entered the door of the rink.

I lowered the pillow into the seat of the overalls after I had put them on, and then got a boy to hold the pillow up against my back while I put my vest over it, and I dived out into the thick of the skaters. To my astonishment, I didn't fall. I leaned back and tried to fall once to see how it would be, and I really couldn't. I'd been skating fifteen minutes when I did fall, but fell forward and slammed my hands on the floor.

An elderly lady, who had had some troubles of her own that afternoon, skated up to me and told me she thought perhaps we went at it too fast; so we were leaning against the wall talking over the scientific points of it, when I gave the audience a rare treat.

While leaning there talking, all at once my feet, that were close together, started, and rolled out toward the middle of the room. I don't think I bent a finger, but I fell exactly like a tree, and lo and behold! the pillow burst. It must have been five minutes before they got through laughing all over the house. In that time the feathers were so thick they followed in a boiling streak after every skater.

The manager declared a recess of ten minutes while they swept out the hall, and at this point came another big laugh, as three men had been sweeping twenty minutes and they hadn't got over three feathers out into the street.

Some fellow suggested sprinkling, so they did; but most of them were in the air, and wouldn't come down to be sprinkled, so they had to close the rink for the afternoon.

The manager of the rink tried to collect damages from my father, and I think there was a compromise made.—Youth's Companion.

Old-Time Squirrel Rifle.

When Col. W. A. Toombs returned recently from the old homestead near Colltown he brought back with him his father's squirrel rifle, which has been continuously in possession of the family since 1846. It is hand-made throughout and was of that full stocked type common among the hunters of Tennessee and Kentucky three generations ago.

The barrel is 47 inches long and is furnished with the finest level sights for long range shooting. Its original caliber was 120 bullets to the pound, but having been dressed out and rifled several times it now carries 60 to the pound. The lock is of the back action type and it in as good condition today as when it left the maker's hands 70 years ago. The triggers are a marvel of workmanship. They are of that kind known as "double" or "hair" triggers and are governed with a set screw which regulates them until they will respond to the slightest touch.—Madisonville Hustler.

Ancient Greece.

Three-fifths of the interest which the modern Greeks take in themselves—and that is much—comes from their worship of their assumed ancestors, the Greeks of the historic period from Homer to Honorius. Every year we discover new things about this vastly interesting people—some broken bits of art, some fragment of a literature which has nine-tenths perished, or sleeps in undiscovered crypts or Egyptian dustheaps—or else some new theory of origin and pilgrimage, invented and elucidated by ingenious scholarship in England, France or Germany, and of late by excavators from America. Vase-painting, for instance, a Greek art coeval with Greek poetry—older perchance, but we know nothing accurately of the beginnings of either—and more persistent even in its fragments than the later art of the grand painters, Apelles, Polygnotus, Zeuxis, an dthe rest, of whose known work nothing remains.

Mrs. Judkins a Veteran Deer Hunter.

Mrs. Walter Judkins of Portland is a woman to whom the lure of the Maine woods is strong. She has just returned from her twenty-third season in the autumn forest, with a record of 28 deer to her credit. Mrs. Judkins shot her first deer when a girl of fifteen while in the woods in search of partridge in her home town of Gilead.

Mrs. Judkins during her twenty-three years of hunting experience has tried many varieties of hunting costumes and has finally settled upon what she deems the most practical. She wears in the woods a stout gray sweater, a pair of very full bloomers, the stout huntsman's stockings and shoes similar in shape to a moccasin and waterproof, with top of skin and vamp and soles of heavy rubber.—Kennebunk Journal.

Proud of Fine Hall.

The Daughters of the American Revolution are proud of the fact that they have completed their $300,000 memorial hall in Washington without a "lawsuit or a strike." The furnishings cost $50,000 and the hall is all paid for except the mortgage put upon it by Mrs. Donald McLean, and that is being decreased each year.

WALTON ON BIRDS' SONGS

Famous Author of "The Compleat Angler" Appreciated Music of His Feathered Friends.

At first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself, and those that hear her, she then quits the earth and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity. Now do the blackbird and the throssel, with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to. Nay, the smaller birds do the like in their particular seasons; as, namely, the laverock, the titlark, the little linnet and the honest robin, that loves mankind, both alive and dead. But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear—as I have very often—the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and say:

"Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest to bad men such music upon earth!"—Izaak Walton's "The Compleat Angler."

HOW TRUE HOME IS CREATED

It Never Can Be Made Deliberately, But Must Just Grow Through the Years.

Probably only when a man comes to get married does he realize how full the world is of people ready and anxious to give advice. This is an age of advice giving; and particularly it is an age of advice giving to those about to wed. I have a fairly large circle of young married acquaintances, and I am bound to say that every now and then I seem to come across the trail of the Advice Giver in the shape of some examples of the result of Advice Taken.

Far too much advice, there is no doubt, is uttered by "artistic" people on this really absolutely simple matter of house-interior decoration. The true home interior is never created deliberately. It happens. Throughout the years it accumulates, it develops, it grows and blossoms forth into its final beauty—or ugliness, as the case may be. The lovely old cottage and farm interiors so much imitated nowadays were not the result of conscious decoration or design; they were instinctive. They "growed." No "decorator expert," was called in to devise their harmonies, to think out pretended "accidental" groupings of furniture, window-seat, oak beams, and the rest. Beauty was evolved, just because there was no forethought, no conscious decoration.—Exchange.

To Clean Nickel Silver Pieces.

To clean and remove the tarnish from your sterling silver-mounted toilet articles and the nickel-ware, make a light warm bath of a quart of farm (fairly hot) water and three tablespoonfuls of liquid ammonia. Take a piece of thick, rough flannel, dip it in the bath and use it to rub the articles, which will soon shine with their wonted lustre. As some parts may be deeply engraved or in relief it may be necessary to use a small brush, such as an old tooth-brush dipped in the solution to clean and brighten the grooves. A little patient effort will soon bring pleasing results, making the articles look like new. The final polish should be given with soft chamois, or lacking this, use an old glove of undressed kid.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. McGavern and sons, Harrison and Charles, left Tuesday for a visit at Bradford and Groveland, N. Y. They expect to be absent three or four weeks.

E. A. Hamilton, Claude Lyons and William Colegrove left Sunday on their motorcycles for Columbus, O., wher they expect to attend the motorcycle convention and races.

Mrs. Julius Dumjohn of Clermont was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Curt Witherow, the first of the week. Mrs. Witherow accompanied her home yesterday, and will visit at Clermont for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Frost and daughter of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, arrived in Smethport Saturday evening in their automobile and are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Barrett, on Mill street.

Mrs. John Ruffalo and daughter, Elizabeth, of Youngstown, Ohio, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Ruffalo's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James McGuire. Mrs. McGuire, who has been visiting Mrs. Ruffalo for the past few months, accompanied them home.

(Additional Personals on Page 4.)

FOR SALE.

One horse, a good roadster; one top buggy; one cab buggy, nearly new; one cutter, nearly new; saddle harness and robes. Terms cash or approved security. Apply to

tf DR. JOHN CLARK,
Smethport, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale at the premises of defendant hereinafter described in the City of Bradford, McKean Co., Pa., on

MONDAY, AUGUST 5th, 1912,

at 2 o'clock p. m., the following described property:

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Sixth Ward of the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the west line of Penn (formerly called Foothills) Avenue and said point being distant northerly three hundred and seventy-five (375) feet from the north line of East Main Street and being also the northwest corner of lot No. 8 as marked on the map of the lands of the Welch estate in said City of Bradford which said map is recorded in the Recorder's Office of said McKean County, thence at right angles easterly along the northerly line of lots No. 8-9-12-13 and 14 as marked on said map two hundred eighty-one and twenty-nine one-hundredths (281.29) feet more or less to the westerly line of the Welch lands; thence northerly along said westerly line of Welch lands sixty-two (62) feet more or less to the southerly line of the Right of Way of the Western New York and Pennsylvania Railroad Company; thence westerly along said southerly line of said Right of Way two hundred and ninety-six (296) feet more or less to the easterly line of Penn Avenue aforesaid; thence southerly along said easterly line of Penn Avenue aforesaid one hundred and forty (140) feet more or less to the place of beginning. Together with the buildings erected thereon, foundations built and material for new buildings thereon, gas engine, furnaces, forges, steam boiler, heating and lighting apparatus, and three universal grinding machines, two engine lathes, two cutting off machines, three Stamping Presses, one Drill Press, two turret Lathes, one shaper, two milling machines, save and excepting that one Niles Press, one shaper, one engine lathe, and one turret lathe are subject to lease thereon.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of United Bearings Company and New York Universal Ball Bearings Company at suit of Alexander Baker.

Brown & Schoonmaker, Plaintiff's attys.
M. C. RAIN, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., July 17, 1912.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on the 29th day of July, 1912, by T. H. Quinn, M. F. Quinn and W. L. Barclay under an Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the Charter of the intended corporation to be called Keystone Woods Product Company, the character and object of which is to manufacture and deal in the products and by-products obtained from the destructive distillation of wood, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

Dated June 29th, 1912.

HASTINGS & LARKIN,
3t Solicitors.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF KEATING TOWNSHIP SCHOOL DISTRICT for the School year ending July 1st, 1912:

C. O. Hadsell, Treasurer.
From July 3rd, to December 4, 1911:

Dr.		
To received from Collector Farley	$3000 00	
To received from State appropriation	2580 19	
To received from former Treasurer	240 93	
To received for tuition	305 80	$6346 72
Cr.		
By paid teachers' wages	$3220 63	
By paid road & repairs	170 71	
By paid for school supplies	393 04	
By paid for text books	248 00	
By paid sanitary expenses	73 00	
By paid Auditors' fees	24 00	
By paid for printing	14 29	
By paid for secretary's salary	150 00	
By paid for freight & material	17 44	
By paid for fuel and contingencies	80 07	
By paid for drawing pupils to school	36 00	
By paid for postage & stationery	9 83	
By paid for teachers attending Institute	120 00	
By paid for high school tuition	422 33	
By paid for water	3 75	
By paid for janitor	12 00	
By paid for attending directors' association	14 96	
By paid debt and interest	1358 30	
By amount in Grange Natl. bank to balance	944 51	$6346 72

H. M. Digel, Treasurer.
From December 4 to July 1st, 1912:

Dr.		
To amount in Grange bank from former Treasurer Hadsell	$ 944 51	
To amount borrowed from Hamlin Bank & Trust Company	2000 00	
To amount received from County Treasurer, unsettled funds	1159 07	
To amount received from Collector Farley	2852 12	
To amount received from unsettled funds	16 13	
To amount borrowed from Hamlin Bank	1563 00	
To amount received from Secretary Burdick	4 77	$7083 60
Cr.		
By paid teachers' wages	$3300 37	
By paid teachers attending institute	180 00	
By paid for school supplies	690 40	
By paid for Auditors' fees	36 00	
By paid for sanitary expenses	48 35	
By paid for fuel and contingencies	429 78	
By paid for rent and repairs	46 20	
By paid for printing	14 40	
By paid for Pennsylvania School Journal	8 00	
By paid for janitors' expenses	12 75	
By paid for drawing pupils to school	93 00	
By paid treasurer's commission	112 04	
By paid medical inspection	5 00	
By paid freight & material	2 08	
By paid debt and interest	40 00	
By amount in Hamlin bank to balance	545 33	$7083 60

Liabilities of District.

Amount borrowed from Hamlin Bank & Trust Company	$3500 00	
Outstanding orders	697 81	
Amount due Treasurer Digel, commission on $7138.27 @ 2 per ct.	142 77	$4330 58

Resources.

Amount due from Collector Farley	826 98	
Liabilities in excess of Resources to balance	3503 60	$4330 58

We, the Auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts of C. O. Hadsell and H. M. Digel, Treasurers of Keating Township School Funds, do find them as above stated.

S. D. CRAWFORD,
WM. TANNER,
F. L. CONNER,
Auditors.

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT

in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

DELIVERY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit in advance, prepay freight,* and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices.* And remember *special offers to first agents.*

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the marvelously low prices we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles on earth for less than the cost of many cheap wheels. Our Chicago factory is equipped with the most gigantic bicycle machinery and employs the highest salaried mechanical talent. Our output is enormous, enabling us to sell the highest grade bicycles at the smallest margin of profit. **SECOND HAND BICYCLES,** you can, sell your bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER-BRAKES, single sprockets, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the regular retail prices.*

$10.00 Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof Self-healing Tires $4.80 *A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY*

The regular retail price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but to introduce our tires we will send a sample pair for $4.80 and will send one tube free with each order for $4.15.

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES

MAILE, Tacoma, or Others will send for the *sake* cost. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. Very strong and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of extra, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented. We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $4.56 per pair) if payment is sent with order and *mention this paper.* If you are not entirely satisfied with the tires after examination, you can return them at our expense and your money will be refunded without question. We take this risk because we know that our tires will be so much better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price, that when you receive them and test them you will want a dozen pairs more. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorns. Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory prices quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it to-day.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

$2.25 to Buffalo

AND RETURN

$2.50 to Niagara Falls

AND RETURN

TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1912.

FROM SMETHPORT

Excursion Tickets.

Tickets good going on train leaving at 9:22 a. m. and Good returning on all regular trains July 23 or 24. No baggage will be checked nor will these tickets be accepted in Pullman Sleeping or Parlor Cars.

Children, between 5 and 12 years of age, half fare.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

ATLANTIC CITY
Cape May

Wildwood, Ocean City, Anglesea, Sea Island City, Holly Beach, Avalon, Stone Harbor, NEW JERSEY

July 26, August 2, 16, and 30, 1912

ROUND **$10.80** TRIP

FROM SMETHPORT

TICKETS GOOD RETURNING WITHIN FIFTEEN DAYS

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on return trip within final limit, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent.

For full information concerning leaving time of trains, consult small hand bills or nearest Ticket Agent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

SHOES! SHOES!

This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport, Penna

TOILET ARTICLES

Our line of Toilet Articles, Soaps, Powders and Creams, is the best in the market and you you should not be without a generous supply.

Call and inspect our line.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE